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PLAYER'S N°3

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SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1933.



**THE FIRST BIG RACING CUTTER TO BE BUILT OF STEEL IN THIS COUNTRY: MR. W. L. STEPHENSON'S "VELSHEDA,"
A POSSIBLE CHALLENGER FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP, RACING IN THE BIG CLASS AT HARWICH.**

The outstanding feature of what should be an exceptionally interesting yachting season is the appearance of the new steel-hulled cutter, "Velsheda," designed by Mr. C. E. Nicholson. She is the first big English racing yacht to be built of steel since the schooner "Margherita" was launched in 1913. It is hoped that

"Velsheda" may challenge—perhaps in 1934—for the "America's" Cup, to regain which the late Sir Thomas Lipton made so many gallant but unavailing efforts. Her length over all is 127 ft., her sail area is 7500 sq. ft., and her hollow steel mast is 168 ft. long. This photograph was taken on May 27.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN we are impatient with some fad or falsehood in human society, there are two types of men whom we wish to shoot or hang or hit on the head, according to the degree of our impatience. It is no news that these two types are also two opposite extremes. To take a particular case, which I fear has sometimes darkened this page with the clouds of controversy: when a man comes up to me (whether in official uniform or otherwise) and, after reciting certain statistics about what he calls "alcohol," like a sort of incantation or litany, knocks my glass of claret out of my hand, I am distinctly vexed. I am more vexed when he walks into the public house opposite, where five poor men are drinking glasses of depressingly mild modern ale, and kicks over their table and robs them of their own beer. I am most vexed of all when he knocks over the beer-mugs of my poorer neighbours, but dares, not, or, anyhow, does not, interfere with the claret in my cellar, merely because it costs rather more. I think that the fellow, in or out of uniform, is a vulgar fanatic whom some antics of "social reform" have legally permitted to behave like a bully and a thief. I have not, therefore, any profound reverence for the Temperance Reformer in question. But he is not the only sort of person whom I regard with something less than reverence; even in this particular connection of what is absurdly called Temperance Reform.

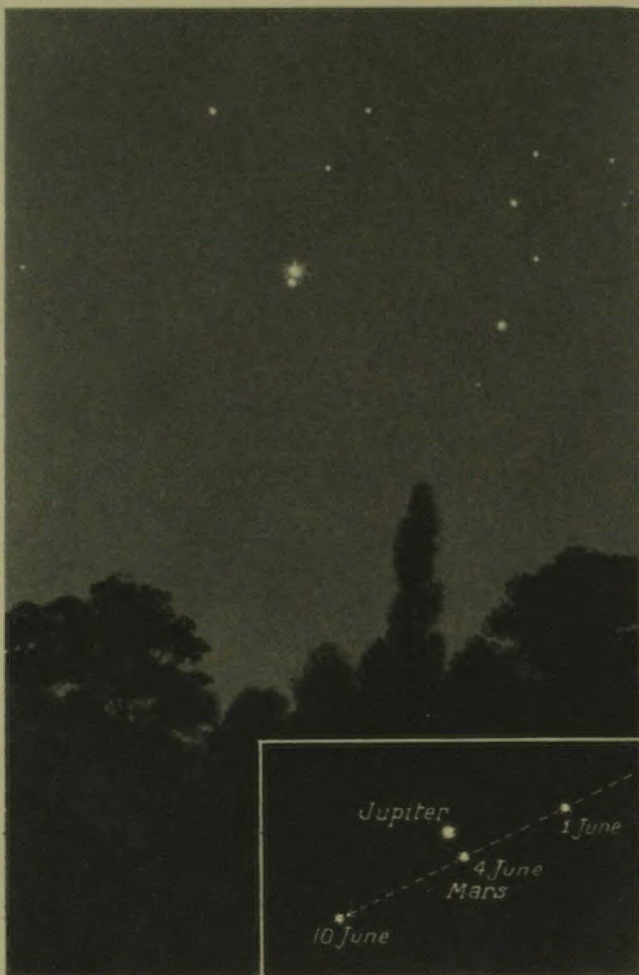
Suppose, on the other hand, another sort of total stranger comes up to me when I am tasting a little claret, hails me in a friendly fashion, accepts my hospitality, drinks my wine, etc. I shall be just a little vexed if he takes one sip of it and instantly staggers down the road, screaming drunken songs, and collapses into the gutter. I shall think it very hard on the inn-keeper, and the poor men at the inn, if a stranger enters, takes a mild taste of their mild ale, and instantly falls down foaming at the mouth, and rolling about on the floor like one possessed of a devil. It will make very little difference to me that the songs of the reveller, whom one drop of my claret has sent reeling into the gutter, are actually (if they were audible or articulate) songs in praise of wine. It will not alter the case that the man writhing and foaming on the floor of the bar-parlour manages somehow in his frenzy to express admiration for the more modern sort of beer. I know very well that the exhibition they are making of themselves will

do much more harm to the credit of wine and beer than the wildest violence and tyranny of the fanatic who seeks to destroy them. I shall point out in vain that the lamentable incident outside my front door did not arise out of my hospitality, but out of my guest's peculiar reaction to that hospitality; that it is not a measure of the strength of my wine, but of the weakness of his head. The innkeeper will probably find it quite hopeless to represent to the Licensing Magistrates that a sip out of his foaming tankards could not possibly make anybody foam at the mouth, except with rage or disappointment; and that everything points to the customer having been a bit of an epileptic already. Whatever might have produced this pantomime of exaggerated results, whether it was lunacy or play-acting or a practical joke, it certainly was not the wine or the beer. But I fear that the Licensing Magistrates and the Temperance Reformers, and all the people who go

friends seem to have an alarming capacity for spoiling the cause of a return to property and marriage and normal social order, exactly as the absurd and theatrical drunkards would spoil the cause of good wine or the poor man's right to his own pot of ale. I need not describe at length the things in which I think the Hitlerite boom is essentially idiotic. The nonsense about a Nordic Race, which no reputable ethnologist now alive could call anything but nonsense, is a thing that would be as unworkable in practice as it is unsupported in theory. It would presumably end in some kind of ludicrous hierarchy of latitudes in which Norfolk must always be a little better than Suffolk; a Northumbrian miner intrinsically superior to a Durham miner; and all political intelligence and leadership consist in being near to the North Pole. It is quite certain that there is no other scientific way of testing the matter; for the inhabitants of the Central Empires are just the same motley population of brown-haired, yellow-haired, drab-haired, ginger-haired, and, occasionally, black-haired, people as any other chance handful of the inhabitants of England or Switzerland or France. The inordinate pride connected with this race, or supposed race, is simply a poison. Pride is always a poison; but pride in false history instead of true history, and pride in bad morality instead of good morality, is an alien and quite deadly poison, not to be used even in small quantities as a medicine. Or again, I have pointed out here that the whole heathen business of the Swastika is utterly tenth-rate, and only makes one guess vaguely whether Mr. Hitler (or one of his inspirers) has been some sort of medium or fortune-teller, or the sort of man who deals in tarot-cards and talismans and shabby occultism. I do not suppose he did, but that is what the Swastika really symbolises.

But that is not what I complain of here. I am not afraid of the falsehoods of which Hitler has got hold. I am afraid of the truths of which he has got hold. I am afraid that he will turn some of those truths into tomfoolery, as my imaginary drunkards turned festivity into folly. For instance: there are some of us who have been hammering away for thirty years, on this paper and elsewhere, to maintain that woman is not enslaved by being a wife or mother; that domesticity need not be drudgery; and that what is called economic independence can often be much more like economic slavery. But we always coupled this with a complete recognition of reasonable civic rights, and a strong assertion of the humour and shrewdness of the housewife's influence in society. How much humour or sense, or even sanity, will be left in that view if Hitler is to go about shouting that a woman must be nothing but "the recreation of a tired warrior"? A man talking like that is not only making an ass of himself; he is making asinine the whole common-sense plea for the domestic dignity of women. If he said that the woman was to be the partner, companion, critic, candid friend, and highly helpful satirist of a tired warrior, or a tired water-rate collector, or a tired weaver or waiter or watchmaker, or anything else, he would be talking sense. When he puts on these absurd airs of the Ouidaesque Guardsman, reclining

on cushions among hours, he makes the decent Christian family ridiculous, and causes the enemy to blaspheme. Or, again, thousands of us think he is perfectly right in regarding books that have been boomed of late as "realistic" and "ruthless" as being largely a heap of dirt to be taken away in a muck-cart. But when this is combined with saying that the mathematical speculations of poor old Einstein must be poisonous because he is a Jew, or that it is un-German to express the ordinary hope for peace for which all Christians pray, we know he is encouraging the sceptics to prove that the ideal of pure literature is pure bosh. He is making even decency itself indecent.

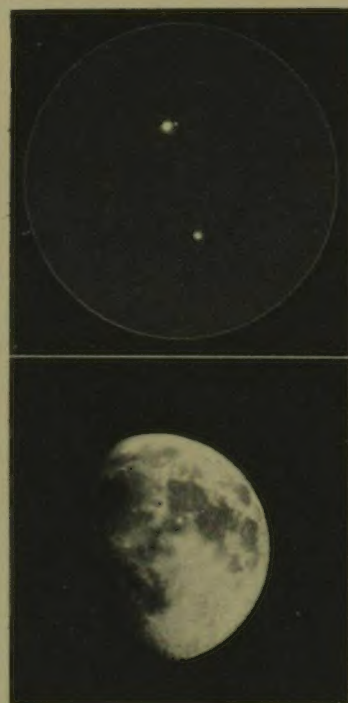


JUPITER (ABOVE) AND MARS (BELOW) AS "A MAGNIFICENT DOUBLE STAR" ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 4: A DRAWING OF THIS REMARKABLE PHENOMENON; AND (INSET UNDERNEATH) A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SPEED OF THE APPARENT MOVEMENT OF MARS IN RELATION TO JUPITER.

Explaining the wonderful planetary phenomenon due to-morrow night (June 4), M. Lucien Rudaux, the French astronomer, writes: "Readers will remember the beautiful spectacle presented last February by the planets Mars and Jupiter shining one above the other with magnificent brilliance (See our issue of Feb. 11). That occurrence is recalled by a new conjunction, which this time will be extremely remarkable. At the beginning of this year the apparent movements of the two planets (movements that bear relation to the Earth's quicker speed) were such that Mars passed above Jupiter in what seemed to us a rapid retrograde motion towards the west. This apparent movement ended at the beginning of April, and thereafter Mars again approached Jupiter, after they had been separated by a considerable distance. But this time Mars will pass below Jupiter and quite close, almost adjoining. The nature, proportions, and sequence of the phenomenon are explained by the accompanying illustrations. The two planets, now further from the Earth than in February, are less bright, especially Mars. Nevertheless, in the moonlit sky of June 4, as twilight fades, the two planets in close conjunction side by side—so close that some eyes may hardly be able to separate them—will provide the spectacle of a magnificent double star."

by labels and know nothing of the taste or substance or experience of anything, will certainly say that it was the wine and the beer. The second type of man will have done more damage than the first type of man to the sane social traditions of moderate drinking. In fact, I should not wonder if the second sort of man were paid by the first sort of man to do it.

Now that, if you will excuse the pleasant parable of the pub, is very much what I feel about the recent outbreak of a sort of imitation Fascism in Northern Europe. There are some things in which I think Herr Hitler is entirely right; but I regret to say that I do not think he is entirely to be trusted even when he is right, let alone when he is wrong. He and his



THE PROPORTIONS OF THE CONJUNCTION OF MARS AND JUPITER (UPPER DRAWING) COMPARED WITH THE DIAMETER OF THE MOON'S DISC SHOWN BELOW.

Illustrations by Lucien Rudaux.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: ROYAL ACTIVITIES OF THE WEEK.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS, WHITHER HE TRAVELLED BY AIR: H.R.H. LEAVING STAR CASTLE (ST. MARY'S) AFTER LUNCHEON.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CORNWALL: H.R.H. WALKING THROUGH THE SHOW GROUND AT THE ROYAL CORNWALL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, ST. AUSTELL.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to the Scilly Isles was carried out on May 23, in ideal weather. His journey from Falmouth was by seaplane, with an escort of three others and H.M.S. "Broke." He was received by Major and Mrs. Dorrien Smith, members of the Council of the Islands. H.R.H. then met his tenants in a field near by and talked with them about flower-growing, the local industry. He had lunch in Star Castle and went by car round the island of St. Mary's.—On May 24 H.R.H. spent a busy day in the St. Austell district, beginning with an inspection of a china clay works of which he is landlord. On May 25 he visited the Royal Cornwall Agricultural Show. He was received by the Lord Lieutenant, Mr. J. C. Williams, and the President of the Association, Lord Vivian. After reviewing a parade of the 4th/5th Battalion of the D.C.L.I., he made a tour of the exhibits. He showed a particular interest in the collapsible dinghies; and he spent some time in the exhibit staged by West of England bacon curers in conjunction with the Cornwall County Council.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK ARRIVING AT THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL, TO PRESENT PRIZES TO THE UNION OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

The Duke and Duchess of York visited the Bath and West and Southern Counties Show at Wimbledon on May 24. They stopped at various stands on their way to the large judging ring; and, at the Ministry of Agriculture's stand, were received by Mr. Walter Elliott. Her Royal Highness spent some time inspecting a model of a farmhouse kitchen. On May 27 the Duke and Duchess received a great welcome when they visited Bath and Wells. After luncheon in the Guildhall at Bath, they drove to Wells for the Somerset County Rally of the British Legion. In the Bishop's Park 7000 members of the Legion, men and women drawn from 127 branches in the county, were on parade. The Duke addressed the legionaries, after the march-past. On May 29, cups and certificates, won by members of the Union of Women's Institutes and Clubs were presented by the Duchess at the City of London School, Thames Embankment.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK TALKING TO DISABLED EX-SERVICE MEN, WHEN SHE AND THE DUKE VISITED WELLS.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK INSPECTING THE KING'S CHAMPION HEIFER AT THE BATH AND WEST SHOW, WIMBLEDON.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT LIVERPOOL: H.R.H. WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION OF AMBULANCE WORK AT THE MASS PAGEANT GIVEN BY GIRL GUIDES.

The Princess Royal witnessed a mass pageant given by Girl Guides on the Aintree Racecourse, Liverpool, on May 27. The Princess spent three busy hours in the city. She was met at the station by the Countess of Derby and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool, and drove to the old Bluecoat School, where she saw an exhibition of ex-Service men's work.

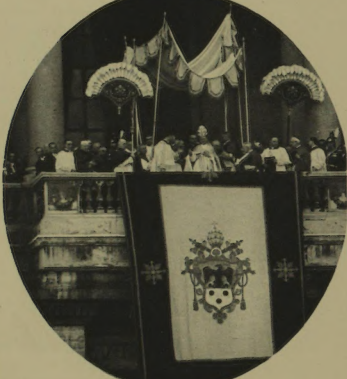


THE KING OPENS THE JUBILEE PERFORMANCE OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA: THEIR MAJESTIES ENTERING THE BUILDING.

The King and Queen were present at the opening of the Royal Military Tournament at Olympia on May 25. The naval Guard of Honour was drawn from H.M.S. "Victory," H.M.S. "Excellent," and H.M.S. "St. Vincent"; the military from the 3rd Battalion, Coldstream Guards. There was also an R.A.F. detachment.



MR. GANDHI AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS THREE WEEKS' FAST, SINCE COMPLETED: A SELF-IMPOSED Penance IN AID OF THE UNTOUCHABLE MOVEMENT. Mr. Gandhi's fast ended on May 29. A Bombay message stated that Lady Thackeray's house, where he had been staying, was besieged by people of all classes, and nearly 200 gathered in the hall. At noon Mr. Gandhi's bed was wheeled in. He was much wasted, but smiled a greeting. After a devotional ceremony, during which a special poem by Rabindranath Tagore was recited, Mr. Gandhi drank some orange juice presented by an Untouchable boy.



A PAPAL TRADITION REVIVED AFTER SIXTY-THREE YEARS: THE POPE BLESSING THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY OF ST. JOHN LATERAN. After an interval of sixty-three years the Pope has revived the old tradition of attending Mass on Ascension Day at St. John Lateran, in Rome, and afterwards blessing the crowd. The concourse on this occasion was estimated to amount to 250,000 people. Among those present were King Alfonso of Spain, with the Infantes Christina and Isabella; the Princess of Hesse, and Mr. de Valera.



WITH COFFIN COVERED WITH A HISTORIC WHITE ENSIGN INSTEAD OF THE CUSTOMARY UNION JACK: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF LORD WESTER WEMYSS.

With full naval and military honours, the body of Lord Wester Wemyss was placed in the Calais train at Calais, on May 26, for embarkation in a British destroyer. The funeral was held at Westminster Abbey on May 30. Both his Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales were represented. The White Ensign which covered the coffin was the Ensign worn by H.M.S. "Euryalus" when flying the flag of the late Lord Wemyss as Admiral of the Fleet.

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



AFTER THE RAILWAY COLLISION AT RAYNES PARK IN WHICH FIVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND MANY INJURED: SHATTERED COACHES OF THE DERAILED DOWN TRAIN, IN WHICH RIPPED OFF BY A TRAIN PASSING ON THE UP LINE.

A somewhat unusual accident, causing five deaths, occurred on May 25 on the Southern Railway near Raynes Park. The Company's statement said: "The 2.10 p.m. train, Waterloo to Alton, became derailed between Wimbledon and Raynes Park, and came in contact with a steam train on the up through line."



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For some reason the Alton train left the rails and very soon afterwards the engine of the up train struck the derailed coaches, tearing the side of one completely. The up train was very little damaged, though the engine-driver had his arm badly broken. The killed and injured were in the Alton train.



A GREAT NEW DOCK FOR LANCASHIRE'S OIL IMPORTS: THE DOCK STANLOW NO. 2, CONSTRUCTED ON THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL A MILE ABOVE ELLESMERE PORT.

The new oil dock Stanlow No. 2, which, begun in 1931, has cost about £200,000 to build, was declared open by Mr. Oliver Stanbury, Minister of Transport, on May 26. The new dock makes Glenworth Fort second only to London as an oil-importing centre. With its length of 650 ft., width of 180 ft., and depth of 30 ft., it can accommodate two ocean-going tankers. Half a million cubic yards of rock and clay had to be excavated for its construction.



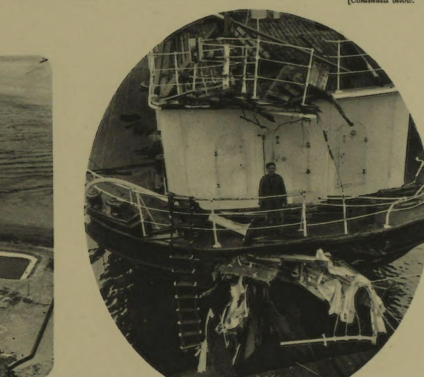
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RING DURING THE JUDGING OF THE CURSESS REPPERS.

which illustrated most effectively the work going on at several centres in the Southern Counties. The Prince of Wales paid a surprise visit to the Show on May 26, when he saw the judging of a class of single harness horses driven by women and the placing of awards in the Coaching Marathon competition, in which five teams competed.



A THAMES COLLISION IN WHICH A BRIDE ON HER HONEYMOON WAS KILLED AND HER HUSBAND INJURED: THE DAMAGED "ROYAL ARCHER," SHOWING THE WRECKED CABIN WHICH THE COUPLE HAD OCCUPIED.

A particularly sad fatality occurred in a collision between two steamers in the Thames, at Gallions Reach, late on the night of May 25. The ship involved were the "Royal Archer," 2200 tons, a passenger boat of the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company, Ltd., and the 6665-ton "Cordillera," of the Donaldson South American Line. The "Royal Archer" had a (Continued below.)



THE SHIP IN COLLISION WITH THE "ROYAL ARCHER": THE DAMAGED STERN OF THE "CORDILLERA," WHERE THE BRIDE'S BODY WAS FOUND, HOLE NEARLY 30 FT. LONG IN HER SIDE, AND THE "CORDILLERA" WAS DAMAGED IN THE STERN. In one of the "Royal Archer's" cabins were a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Taylor, on their honeymoon trip from Glasgow. When the collision occurred, Mrs. Taylor was hurled out of the cabin and her body was found later on the plates of the "Cordillera." Mr. Taylor was crushed in the wrecked cabin, and was taken to the London Hospital in a critical condition.



THE REOPENING OF BATTLE ABBEY, BY THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, ATTENDED BY THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ATHLONE.

As mentioned in our last issue, Battle Abbey, the ancient building near Hastings used as a girls' school, has been restored after the fire which badly damaged it in 1931, and was officially reopened on May 27 by the Bishop of Chichester (Dr. G. K. A. Bell). The work of restoration brought about several interesting discoveries. Our photograph shows Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone (third from left); the Bishop of Chichester; and the Earl of Athlone towards the right. (N.B.—The "Treasure of the West" at the Victoria and Albert Museum has been unaccountably held over.)

"THE FINEST BATHING-POOL IN EUROPE": THE OPENING OF THE MAGNIFICENT NEW SWIMMING-BATH AT ST. LEONARDS, SEEN CROWDED WITH BATHERS AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The new bathing-pool at St. Leonards, described without exaggeration as the finest in Europe, was opened by Sir Humphry Rolleston on May 27. Built by the Borough of Hastings, the structure is suggestive more of a stadium than an ordinary swimming-bath. It holds a million gallons of water and is 330 ft. long and 90 ft. wide. There is room for 2000 spectators on the terrace, and for 7000 more on the three promenades. The water is illuminated from below.



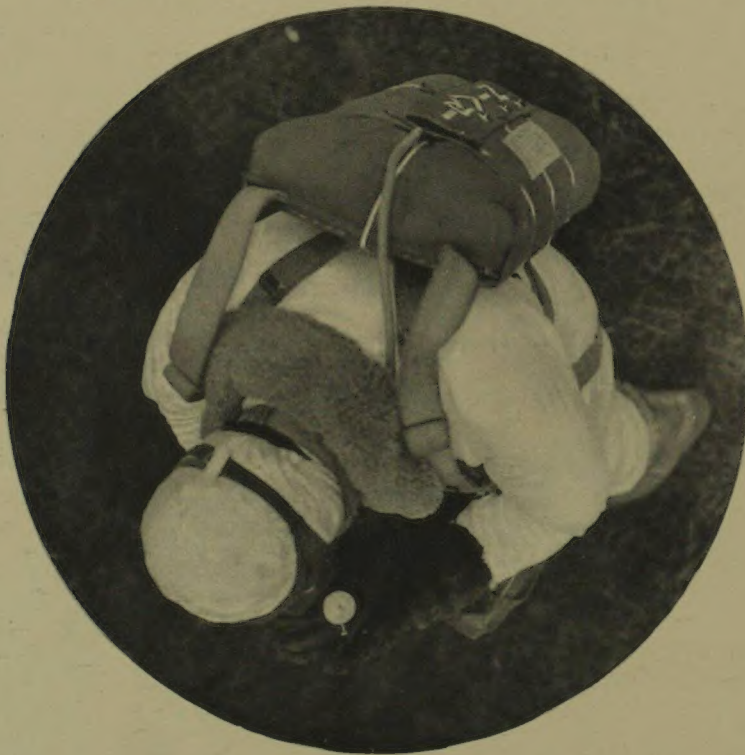
THE BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES SHOW HELD AT WIMBLEDON.

The Bath and West and Southern Counties Show opened at Wimbledon on May 24. The Show was visited by the Duke and Duchess of York; an occasion illustrated on page 797 of this number. The King's herd at Windsor secured the champion prize for the best Hereford heifer, but his Majesty was not exhibiting in other sections. The Ministry of Agriculture had organised a special educational exhibit,

**"A HUMAN METEORITE":
ACHIEVING THE RECORD
"DELAYED DROP" PARACHUTE-
DESCENT—17,500 FT.**



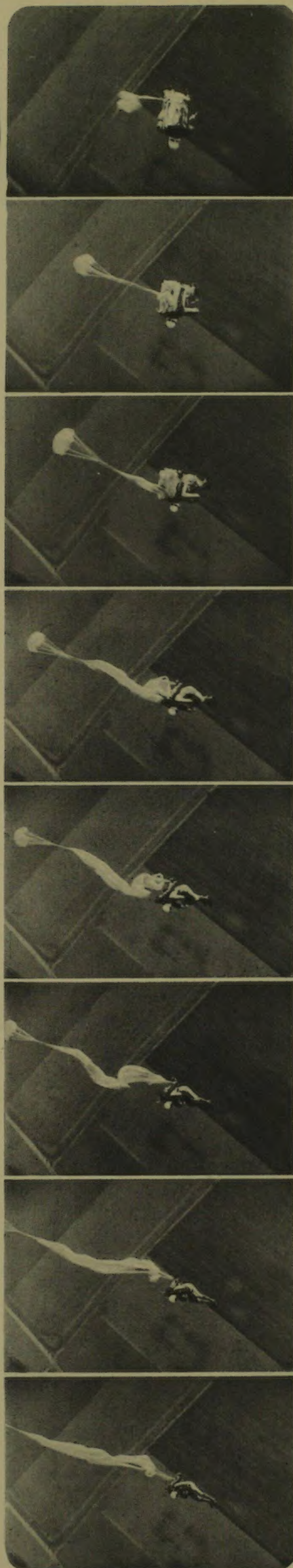
JOHN TRANUM (EQUIPPED WITH PARACHUTE, OXYGEN MASK, AND GOGGLES) AS HE STOOD ON THE AEROPLANE READY FOR HIS DROP INTO SPACE; AND THE PILOT, FLIGHT-LIEUT. SAYER, IN THE COCKPIT—(INSET) MR. TRANUM, WITH HIS DOG, AFTER HIS DESCENT.



MR. TRANUM, IN THE ATTITUDE IN WHICH HE MADE HIS HEADLONG FALL OF 17,500 FT., WHILE CONSULTING HIS STOP-WATCH (STRAPPED TO THE PALM OF HIS LEFT HAND) FOR THE MOMENT AT WHICH TO RELEASE THE PARACHUTE FASTENED TO HIS BACK.

THE most amazing parachute descent ever made was accomplished, on May 24, by John Tranum, who did a delayed drop of 17,500 ft. from a Hawker Hart day bomber flying at 21,000 ft. over the R.A.F. aerodrome at Netheravon, Wiltshire. He thus broke the world's "delayed drop" record. We reproduce here two sequences, illustrating the delayed drop and the parachute opening, from a remarkable cinematograph film taken by B. and M. Films, Ltd., of 127, Mount Street, W.1, and now being exhibited. Describing his sensations after he had stepped off into space, Mr. Tranum said: "I started tumbling head over heels at once. . . . I observed my stop-watch, which was strapped to the palm of my left hand. It showed me that my tumbling continued for 5000 ft.—one mile. Then I straightened out into a beautiful dive—my body at an angle of about 45 degrees. . . . I had begun my fall at a rate of 144 m.p.h. . . . My stop-watch said that I had fallen like a stone for nearly 17,500 ft. and I pulled the rip-cord. The effect of that was a terrific shock."

CINE-PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF B. AND M. FILMS, LTD.



HOW THE PARACHUTE CAME INTO ACTION WHEN TRANUM PULLED THE RIP-CORD WITHIN 3500 FT. OF THE GROUND, AFTER HIS DROP OF 17,500 FT.: SUCCESSIVE PHASES (FROM TOP DOWNWARD) SHOWING THE PILOT PARACHUTE OPENING AND DRAWING OUT THE MAIN PARACHUTE.

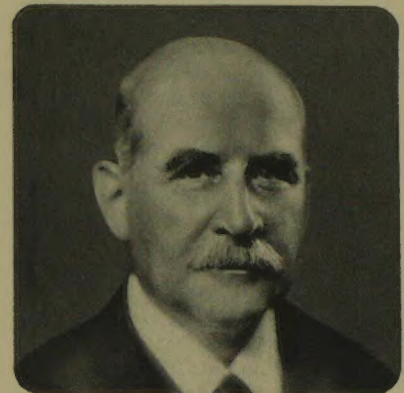
FALLING LIKE A STONE FOR 3 1/3 MILES IN 1 MIN. 25 SEC. BEFORE OPENING HIS PARACHUTE: SUCCESSIVE PHASES (FROM TOP DOWNWARD) OF JOHN TRANUM'S RECORD "DELAYED DROP" FROM AN AEROPLANE FLYING OVER WILTSHIRE AT A HEIGHT OF 4 MILES.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LORD WESTER WEMYSS.

The famous British sailor. Died May 24. Born 1864. Served in Great War, 1914-18; commanding ships at Cape Helles, in the Gallipoli landings; also a squadron at the evacuation. C-in-C. East Indies and Egypt, 1916-17; Deputy First Sea Lord, 1917; First Sea Lord, 1918-19.



MR. J. P. MORGAN.

The great U.S. financier. Gave evidence before the Senate Banking Investigation Committee. Is stated to have admitted that the assets of his New York firm and of the allied Drexel Company, of Philadelphia, dropped from £140,781,800 on January 21, 1931, to £84,941,600 in December 1932; and also that he had paid no income-tax in 1930, 1931, and 1932.



SIGNOR CESARE FORMICHI.

Signor Cesare Formichi sang magnificently as Scarpia when Puccini's "Tosca" was given at Covent Garden on May 24. He also sang in this part when her Majesty the Queen saw "Tosca" on May 29. Rosa Raisa sang Tosca, and Angelo Minghetti was Cavaradossi.



THE NEW HEADMASTER OF ETON: MR. C. A. ELLIOTT, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GARDEN OF HIS CAMBRIDGE HOME; WITH HIS WIFE.

It was announced on May 27 that the Provost and Fellows of Eton had appointed Mr. C. A. Elliott, Senior Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, to be Headmaster in succession to Dr. Allington. He is forty-five years of age, an Old Etonian, and a layman. At Eton he was both an Oppidan and a Colleger. He was a "wet-bob." He served in Flanders with the Red Cross; but in 1915 he was transferred to the Admiralty, working on the financial side of the Secretary's office.



MRS. G. HERBERT MORRELL, C.B.E.

Mrs. G. Herbert Morrell was elected President of next year's Bath and West Show on May 26. She is the first woman to be President since the Bath and West Society was established in 1777. Next year's show will be held in her grounds at Oxford.



MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Died May 26, aged seventy-three. Began his career in journalism, and, after a first failure, made a fortune in Western Australia gold-mining market in the 'nineties. Became Liberal M.P. for South Hackney. Founded "John Bull," 1906. During the war made many patriotic speeches. Sentenced to prison for fraudulent conversion, 1922.



CAPTAIN G. H. F. NICHOLS.

Well-known journalist. Died May 26; aged fifty-two. Wrote under the name of "Quex," in the "Evening News" "Diary of a Man About Town"; and later in the "News Chronicle." Served in the R.F.A., 1914-1918. Author of the "Eighteenth Division in the Great War."



AFTER THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER'S LEVEE AT HOLYROODHOUSE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: COL. JOHN BUCHAN (SEATED CENTRE), WITH MEMBERS OF HIS SUITE AND GUESTS.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was opened at Edinburgh on May 23. The office of Lord High Commissioner of the King was filled by Col. John Buchan, M.P. The procession was formed after the close of the levee at Holyroodhouse, and proceeded to St. Giles's Cathedral, where a service was held, and the retiring Moderator, Professor H. R. Mackintosh, preached a short sermon. The names of those seen in our photograph are (back row, l. to r.): The Mace Bearer, Capt. Duncan

MacRae (A.D.C.), the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale (A.D.C.), Mr. J. Wilson Paterson, Capt. E. D. Stevenson (Purse-Bearer), Rev. C. H. Dick (Chaplain), Lord George Nigel Douglas-Hamilton (A.D.C.), Capt. Fairfax-Lucy (A.D.C.); and (front row) Hon. Phyllis Russell, Hon. Cynthia Guest, Miss Alice Buchan, Mrs. Buchan, Lady Irwin, Col. John Buchan, Mrs. John Buchan, Lady Kinross, Lord Irwin, Miss Anna Buchan, Hon. Margaret Sinclair, and Miss Spencer-Smith.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE TRIGGER-FISH (*BALISTES*), ITS REMARKABLE "TRIGGER-MECHANISM," AND OTHER PECULIARITIES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

QUITE recently I spent a most bewitching afternoon at the Aquarium in the Gardens of the Zoological Society (London). This has always seemed to me the one place where the captives present but little semblance of captivity. It is difficult to persuade oneself that one is not looking directly into some clear and deep pool of some secluded river; or into the entrance of a spacious cavern presided over by King Neptune, who has discreetly withdrawn for the moment. And I feel perfectly sure that these fish have no sense of captivity. One sees them as they actually live.

Here one can gather much enlightenment on the problems of the shapes and coloration of fishes, and their relationship to their mode of life. Stand, for a brief space, for example, in front of one of the large tanks containing just such a medley of forms as one might well see if one could dive down off some favoured spot on the coast of Cornwall or Devonshire. Here are great silver bass, cod, whiting, haddock, and mullet, grey and red. Each of these shows some more or less striking peculiarity either in the number and arrangement of their fins, or their mode of swimming. The mullet, for example, every now and then descend to creep along the sandy floor, and all the while they keep up an incessant play with a long pair of "feelers" projecting from the lower jaw. They seem to be tapping the sand as if they were trying to find food, which, in the sea itself, they probably do. But the moment they leave the bottom the "feelers" are folded back into a groove in the throat. A similar, but single, feeler will be seen in the whiting and the haddock. More striking still are the gurnards, with their gorgeous colouring, and great, fan-shaped

this habit, the two eyes have come to lie on that side of the head which is turned uppermost. How and why did this most singular transformation come about?

In another tank are tropical fishes of many kinds. And here one is confronted with most brilliant colours, often reminding one of "boating-blazers." And their shapes are no less remarkable. I have in mind, at the moment, the trigger-fish (*Balistes*) (Fig. 1). Its coloration is remarkable, for the under-surface looks like a piece of suède, as white as the white of a boiled egg. Its mouth is quite unlike that of what we may

apparently smooth skin to be encased in a relatively heavy armature of small scales, studded with bead-like prominences, well shown in the accompanying photograph. But, in addition to these, I found at the base of the tail a cluster of small, black, projecting spines whose function does not seem to be understood. They are well shown in Fig. 1. Next I turned to the skeleton, which presented so many singular features that it must have, some day, a chapter to itself. But here I found the mechanism which locks the dorsal fin. While the fish is swimming about, the fin can be raised or depressed at will. Its forepart,

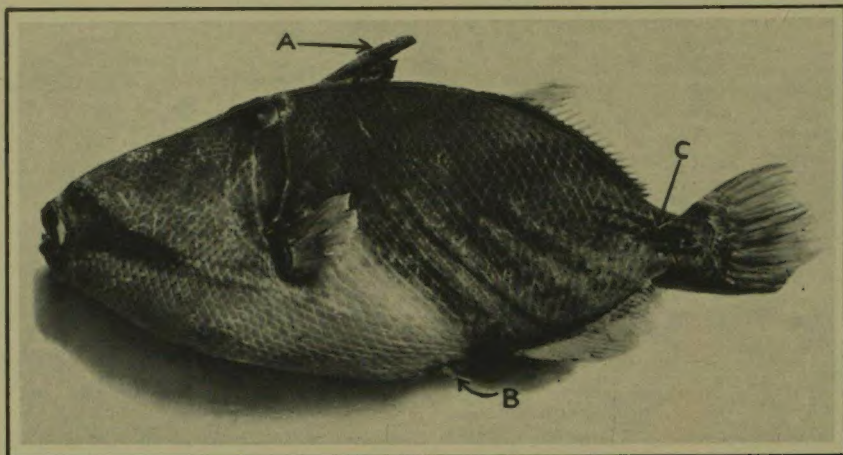
it will be noticed, is made up of a great spine, with a second, smaller, spine close behind it. When this is pulled fully up, it permanently locks the front spine, so that it is immovable. When it is pulled down, it acts like the trigger of a gun, and releases the big spine.

These spines, as will be seen in Fig. 2, are mounted on a great beam, and this sends downwards, and backwards, a stout rod which impinges against the first of the upstanding neural spines of the backbone. Now this rod evidently takes the thrust engendered by the weight of the body dependent on the locked dorsal spine. This mechanism is surely one of outstanding interest. But this is not all. For what is known as the "pelvic arch" has also undergone a very singular modification, since it is

developed into a great, grooved, laterally compressed and flanged beam, curving backwards and downwards to terminate externally in the roughened spine which serves as the fixed point on the lower ledge of rock to act in conjunction with the locked dorsal spine whereby the body is held securely in position when the fish is at rest. The small mouth, and curiously graduated teeth, which present the unusual feature of being implanted in sockets, are adjustments to the peculiar diet of this fish, which consists of shell-fish. Some species of this tribe are said to do great damage to pearl fisheries by boring holes in the shells of pearl-oysters to enable them to feast on the luscious body within!

Finally, this strange fish is further remarkable for the curious "drumming" sounds which it produces, either to attract its mate, or as an alarm. These sounds appear to be produced by the friction of parts of the pectoral, or shoulder-girdle, against one another, aided by the air-bladder, which serves as a resonator. Just behind the pectoral, or breast-fin, is an area of skin resembling a drum-head, and covering a portion of the air-bladder. When the drumming is produced the pectoral fin is set in rapid vibration, but no

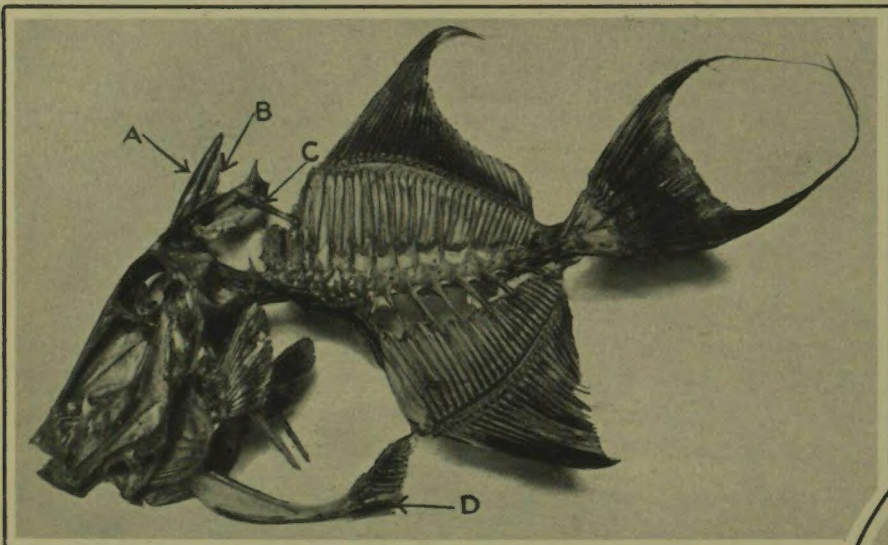
one yet seems to have discovered exactly how this mechanism works. As a matter of fact, there are many other fishes which have this surprising power of producing audible sounds, and this by various means. I propose to devote an article to reviewing these at some future time.



1. THE STRANGE "TRIGGER-FISH" (*BALISTES ACULEATUS*) OF MAURITIUS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE GREAT FRONT SPINE OF THE DORSAL FIN (A), WHICH, LOCKED IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION, WEDGES THE FISH'S BODY BETWEEN ROCKS IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE SPINY PROJECTION ON THE UNDER-SURFACE (B), WHICH ACTS AS A PIVOT.

The trigger-fish wedges its body among the rocks and remains there at rest and in concealment. During life, the fish's body appears to be perfectly smooth; but it is really protected by a relatively heavy armature of scales studded with bead-like prominences. Near the base of the tail (C) are three rows of large black spines, whose function is doubtful.

call "ordinary" fishes; and its mode of swimming is no less so. For it progresses not by using the tail



2. SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THE SKELETON OF *BALISTES*: THE "TRIGGER" MECHANISM WHICH LOCKS THE FRONT DORSAL SPINE (A), THE TRIGGER, OR LOCKING SPINE (B), AND THE "THRUST-ROD" (C) SUPPORTING THE END OF THE BEAM BEARING THE SPINES; AND THE SMALL SPINE-COVERED PROJECTION ON THE UNDER-SIDE (D).

The large beam supporting the locking spines, or trigger mechanism, of *Balistes* has a "thrust-pin" projecting downwards from its hinder border against two modified spines of the backbone.

pectoral fins. Now, the anterior rays of these fins are free, and serve the purpose of long, spider-like legs, presenting a curious and most surprising contrast with the other occupants of the tank. How and why did this strange modification of the fins come about, enabling this creature to crawl as well as to swim? Then there are dogfish, and skates, to take note of. In the latter the breast-fins have become enormously developed, and, in consequence, the gills open on the underside of the body. Here is an adjustment for life on the sea-floor, though much time is spent in swimming to fresh feeding-grounds. And when thus moving, they confront us with one of the most singular modifications of the breast-fins to be found among the fishes. Yet how many people watching these weird-shaped bodies grasp this fact?

From these we turn to the plaice, soles, and turbot, demonstrating in no uncertain way the truth of the "protective coloration" theory; as well as the singular transformation which their bodies have undergone in response to their intensive adjustments to life on the sea-floor, partly buried in the sand. For they lie, and swim, always on one side; what looks like the back, protectively coloured, is really the right or left side, as the case may be. And, in consequence of

as a propeller, but by exceedingly rapid and rhythmical movements of the dorsal and anal fins. Keep an eye on it, and you will presently see it come to rest on the rocky wall of the tank. It does not just lie on a ledge, but wedges itself between two projecting shelves of rock, and after a very curious fashion. For as its belly comes to rest on a small, rough, projecting spine, its dorsal fin is erected, and locked against the overhanging shelf.

Now, I have just had an opportunity of examining one of these strange fishes "in the flesh." It presented many surprises. In the first place, I found the



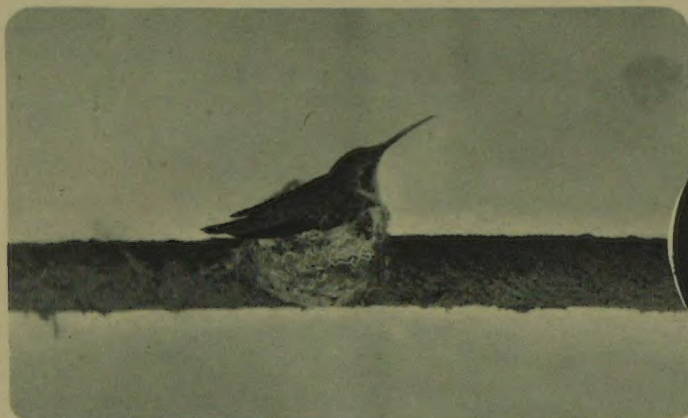
3. ANOTHER STRANGE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE "TRIGGER-FISH": THE TEETH (GRADUATED IN SIZE, AND PRESENTING THE UNUSUAL FEATURE AMONG FISHES OF BEING LODGED IN SOCKETS) WHICH ARE USED FOR SMASHING UP THE SHELLS OF MOLLUSCS. (ENLARGED.)

It is interesting to note, in connection with this fish's curious teeth, that some species of *Balistes* are known to be very destructive on the pearl-oyster beds.

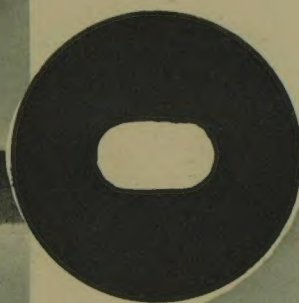
HUMMING-BIRDS OF AN OIL-FIELD: THEIR PRECARIOUS NESTING PLACES.



A TINY BIRD THAT NESTS, FOR CHOICE, IN EXPOSED AND APPARENTLY PERILOUS POSITIONS: *MYRMIA MICRURA*, A PERUVIAN SPECIES OF HUMMING-BIRD, NESTING ON A CABLE, NO MORE THAN ONE INCH IN DIAMETER, BENEATH THE EAVES OF A BUILDING.



A NEST MADE OF PIECES OF SOFT RAGS AND COBWEBS, LINED SCANTILY WITH SMALL FEATHERS: *MYRMIA MICRURA* ON A SLENDER BAR.



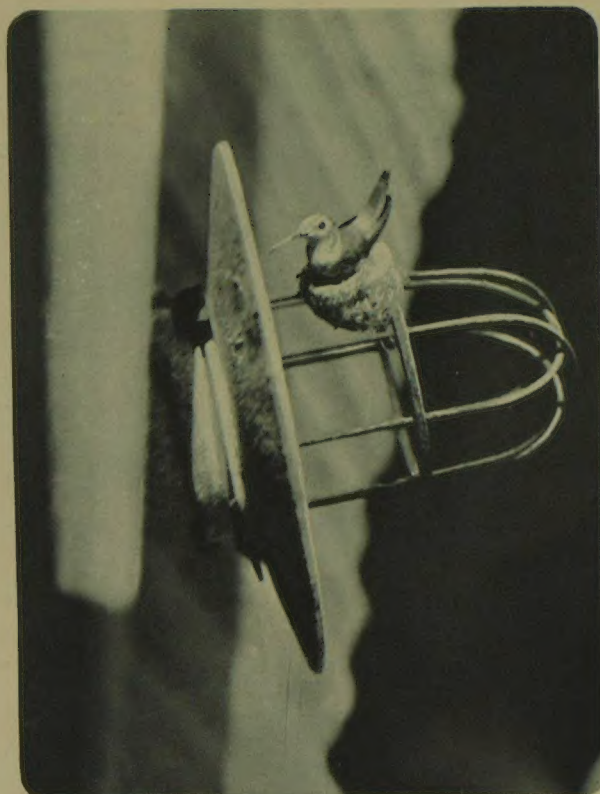
SHOWING (ABOUT NATURAL SIZE) THE UNUSUAL SHAPE OF THE HUMMING-BIRD'S EGG, THE TWO ENDS BEING OF THE SAME SIZE.



JUST OUT OF THE NEST: A YOUNG HUMMING-BIRD WHOSE TAIL IS STILL VERY SHORT.

THERE arrived at the London "Zoo," on May 24, a convoy of humming-birds from tropical America, the first of these exquisite and gem-like creatures that the "Zoo" has possessed for some years. A wonderful cage has been prepared for them, planted with tropical plants and having

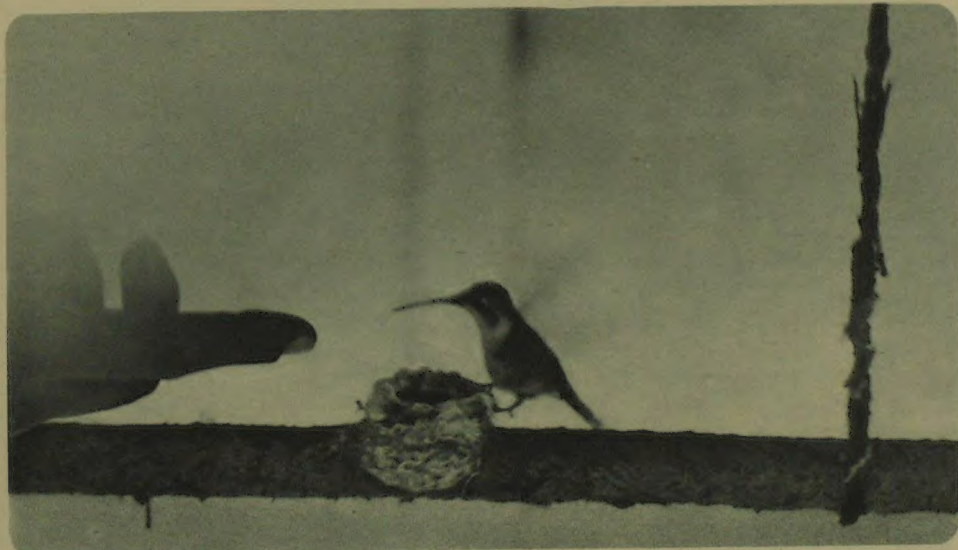
[Continued below.]



A NEST PRECARIOUSLY PERCHED ON A DISUSED LAMP-GUARD: ONE OF THE STRANGE HUMMING-BIRD HOMES IN AN OIL-FIELD OF NORTHERN PERU.



A PARENT SHOWING GREAT BOLDNESS IN THE DEFENCE OF ITS YOUNG: THE BIRD FLAPPING ITS WINGS AT THE INCREDIBLE SPEED THAT PRODUCES THE FAMOUS HUMMING SOUND.



WING-VIBRATION SO RAPID THAT ONLY DULL BLURS ARE SEEN WHERE THE WINGS SHOULD BE: A PARENT BIRD BRAVELY STAYING IN DEFENCE OF ITS YOUNG.



A NEST BUILT ON A HANGING LOOP OF WIRE—BUT ADEQUATE, SINCE THREE PAIRS OF TWINS WERE RAISED IN IT WITHIN NINE MONTHS.

feeding troughs shaped like flowers from which the birds can suck honey as if from real flowers. These events lend special interest to our charming photographs, concerning which a correspondent writes: "An oil-field in the semi-desert coastal plain of Northern Peru is scarcely the place where humming-birds might expect to find much sustenance, yet two species of this enormous family make their homes there. Their local name is 'picaflor' or 'chupafior,' which in English is flower-sucker. Hovering before a bloom with wings vibrating rapidly to produce the characteristic

humming sound, this minute bird with its long beak and long retractile tongue robs insectivorous flowers both of their honey and of the prey they have captured for their own consumption. The speed of flight is in proportion to the rapidity of the wing beat—probably equal to that of any other bird—and the power of acceleration from a standing start is tremendous. *Myrmia micrura*, the species observed by the photographer, is predominantly grey, with the back shot with green. The males have a patch of burnished carmine on the front of the throat."

A CHOSEN PEOPLE REJECTED OF GERMANY: AN ARTIST'S STUDIES OF MODERN



CHILD WELFARE IN A KEFUTZA, ONE OF THE NEW COMMUNAL GROUPS: BABIES BEING SUNNED AT THE SHOMEAR HATTAIR ("YOUNG GUARDS") COMMUNITY, IN TIBERIAS.



GIRL PIONEERS AT WORK IN THE GROUP AT TIBERIAS: COMMUNAL SETTLEMENT.

JEW IN THEIR "NATIONAL HOME." JEWISH TYPES IN PALESTINE.



KITCHEN OF THE SHOMEAR HATTAIR COOKERY IN A MODERN JEWISH IN PALESTINE.



A TYPICAL MODERN JEWISH WORKER IN PALESTINE: AN INHABITANT OF TEL AVIV, THE ONLY "HUNDRED PER CENT." JEWISH CITY EXISTING, NEAR JAFFA.



ANOTHER IMPRESSION INSIDE THE COMMUNAL KITCHEN OF THE SHOMEAR HATTAIR GROUP: A PARTY OF JEWISH GIRLS OF TIBERIAS OCCUPIED IN DOMESTIC WORK.



DR. A. GEIGER: A MEMBER OF THE DISTINGUISHED GROUP OF JEWISH SCIENTISTS CARVEING ON RESEARCH WORK AT THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY IN JERUSALEM.

A JEWISH TYPE FROM SOUTH-WESTERN ARABIA: A PALESTINIAN BORN IN YEMEN, WHERE JEWS HAVE LIVED SINCE THE SECOND CENTURY A.D., THUS ACQUIRING ARAB WAYS.



A YEMENITE JEW: A TYPE REPRESENTING A BRANCH OF THE RACE LOST SIGHT OF AFTER THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY UNTIL 1859, WHEN JACOB SAPHIR, THE JEWISH TRAVELLER, FOUND THEM LIVING UNDER SEVERE MOSLEM PERSECUTION.

THE treatment of the Jews under the Nazi regime in Germany, which has prompted various offers of hospitality to refugees, lends renewed interest to the development of Palestine as a National Home for the Jews which might perhaps absorb some of them if they possess the necessary capital. The Jewish population already attracted thither under the Zionist movement came from many quarters, and shows the effects on the race of many different foreign influences during centuries of exile. Many examples of such variations are shown in the interesting drawings here reproduced. They are the work of an American artist, Ruth Light, who has been making a study of Jewish types in Palestine since August 1931. In an explanatory article that accompanies her drawings, we read: "The Jewish hope for a national homeland is beginning to be realised in Palestine, where Jews from every quarter of the globe are giving themselves to the creation of this homeland. The Jewish race has become most varied in type and in habit, owing to two thousand years of separation and subjection to numerous cultures. But the fundamental principle of Judaism has remained intact in this people throughout all its trials. Until the advent of the new Jew, there was in Palestine an old, Oriental and stagnant rhythm of existence; but with the Jew coming back to the soil to form a farming and a peasant class for Zion, a new, virile life has swept into the land. There are many colonies of independent Jewish farmers, but one of the most interesting features of the new life is the group experiment.

(Continued in center.)



A PALESTINIAN CHILD BORN OF BUKHARIAN PARENTS: ONE OF MANY JEWISH TYPES NOW IN PALESTINE AFFECTED BY INFLUENCES OF EXILE.

called the *kefutza*. The *kefutza* is a small community working the land given to it by the Jewish National Fund—land which is the inalienable property of the Jewish people, and can never become private property. The capital of the Jewish National Fund is contributed by Jews all over the world. The *kefutza* seeks in its organization a purer form of social living. There is no private possession. All its members have equal rights and decide all policies. Women stand on equal footing with the men. All activities are carried out on a mass scale—there is a common dining-room, nursery, wardrobe and laundry. Intellectuals though they are, are unused to life on the soil, these pioneers live a life of intense hardship and privation. But the ideal—the building of the national homeland for the Jewish people—carries them through." Much light is thrown on the inception and subsequent vicissitudes of Zionism in Mr. Hector Bolitho's admirable new biography, "Alfred Mond." First Lord Melchett (Martin Secker), a copy of which has just reached us for review. The story of



YOHNET, A STUDENT: A TYPE REPRESENTING THE SECOND GENERATION BORN IN PALESTINE SINCE HIS FAMILY RETURNED TO THE JEWS' NATIONAL HOME.

Sketches by Ruth Light.

CHILDREN OF THE DEGANIA COMMUNITY STUDYING ON THE VERANDAH OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE DURING AN INTERVAL BETWEEN CLASSES: A GLIMPSE OF JEWISH SCHOOL LIFE IN PALESTINE.

thrown their books aside in German Universities sacrificed the advantages of learning and went back to the land: their own land. They straightened their backs. The pallor was burned out of their cheeks by the sun of Israel. They were part of the radiance of the refreshed country. They lifted their hands towards the sun which nourished their crops: their feet were firmly planted upon their own earth. . . . The acceptable year of the Lord was coming to the oppressed people. The once miserable Jews of Central Europe felt the fresh breezes of the Judean hills upon their faces. They squeezed the golden oranges they had grown themselves, to give juice to the brown, laughing Jewish babies, born in the brave settlements." Later, describing Lord Melchett's tour among the Jews of Palestine, Mr. Bolitho says: "The English Jews had been so lethargic up to this time. But Mond's zeal convinced them. For them, coming from dark corners of Europe, he was an English Jew, a Jew from the country whose kindness had always refreshed them when they despaired for their existence in Poland or Russia or Germany: the country which had exalted Disraeli; the country which had put a Jew upon the Viceregal throne of India." Dean Inge recently pointed out that "there are 15,000 Jews in the world, of whom at most one or two millions might find homes in Palestine."



A JEW OF JERUSALEM BORN AT BUKHARA, IN ASIATIC RUSSIA: A TYPE NOTABLE FOR A STYLE OF COSTUME WHICH IS DESCRIBED AS BEING "EXTREMELY COLORFUL AND OFTEN MADE OF PRECIOUS MATERIALS."

A "BYZANTINE" CHAPEL AND A NEW BLOCK AT LADY MARGARET HALL, OXFORD.

THE recent extensions at Lady Margaret Hall, the oldest women's college at Oxford, make an interesting and worthy addition to the buildings of the city. The extensions consist of a new chapel, which was dedicated last January, and a new block, named Deneke Building, which has already been put into use. The chapel and Deneke Building were designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the distinguished architect of Liverpool Cathedral. In the "Architect and Building News" the new chapel is described in the following words:—"In

(Continued below.)



STUDENTS OUTSIDE THE NEW BLOCK, DENEKE BUILDING, WHICH IS CONNECTED WITH THE NEW CHAPEL BY A COVERED PASSAGE: THE MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE NOBLE AND DIGNIFIED DESIGN OF THE NEW CHAPEL: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR, LIT BY SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT THROUGH WINDOWS IN THE SIDES AND IN THE DOME.

this new chapel for Lady Margaret Hall, Sir Giles has 'gone all Byzantine.' That is to say, he has adopted a church form typical of the epoch when the eastern domical construction was deteriorating into the Romanesque. The handling of it is, however, quite his own, the detail in particular (see the illustration of the west door) being free and fresh." With regard to the details of the building we may quote from a description given in the "Times": "The chapel stands at the north-west corner of the grounds, adjacent to Sir Giles's new block of buildings, to which it forms a fine climax without in any way dwarfing or dominating them. Its design is certainly unique in Oxford and probably in England. It is roughly in the form of a Greek cross and Byzantine in character, with dome, apse, barrel roof, and shallow transepts. The material is a rich red-brown brick.

(Continued opposite.)



THE RECENT EXTENSIONS, BY SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT, AT LADY MARGARET HALL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CHAPEL (LEFT) AND DENEKE BUILDING.



THE FINE DINING-HALL IN THE NEW DENEKE BUILDING, PANELLIED "HIGH TABLE" DUES, AT THE



IN DENEKE BUILDING, A MUCH NEEDED ADDITION TO THE COLLEGE, CONSISTING OF ACCOMMODATION FOR THE PRINCIPAL, STAFF, AND FIFTY-ONE STUDENTS, AS WELL AS SERVANTS' QUARTERS: THE COMMON ROOM.



"A BYZANTINE BUILDING OF VERY GRACIOUS AUSTERITY," WITH A TWELVE-ANGLED CUPOLA PERFORATED BY TWELVE CIRCULAR LIGHTS: THE NEW CHAPEL.



IN OAK, WITH AN OAK CEILING: A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE END OPPOSITE TO THE GALLERY.



STUDENTS OF LADY MARGARET HALL OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE (FACING BENSON PLACE) OF DENEKE BUILDING, AN EXTENSION TO COLLEGE WHICH HAS BEEN IN USE DURING THE CURRENT TERM.

EXTENSIONS BY SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT FOR THE OLDEST WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

feature in a beautifully simple plan. A flooring of soft brown marble completes the general harmonious effect." The chapel was dedicated last January by Bishop Talbot, the leader of those who founded Lady Margaret Hall in 1578. Our photographs give a good idea of the simplicity and restraint of the whole scheme. Deneke Building was to have been opened by Lord Grey, the Chancellor of the University, on June 3; but the arrangements were cancelled owing to the sudden death of Mrs. Deneke on May 25.



THE WEST DOOR OF THE CHAPEL, WITH SCULPTURES BY MR. W. D. GOUGH: AN IDEA TAKEN FROM THE APULIAN CHURCH OF SAN LEONARDO DI SIPONTO



THE PASSAGE THAT CONNECTS DENEKE BUILDING WITH THE NEW CHAPEL: A VAULTED CORRIDOR, TO BE USED AS A SITE FOR MEMORIALS TO FORMER MEMBERS OF LADY MARGARET HALL.

ODDMENTS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE ENGLISH ECCENTRICS": By EDITH SITWELL.*

(PUBLISHED BY FABER AND FABER.)

MISS SITWELL has searched in the "Dust and Cinder Heap" of gossip (one can hardly call it history) for bits and pieces of oddity, the object of the search apparently being to relieve the gloom which comes from contemplating the ordinariness of life. "To go further in our search for some antidote against melancholy, we may seek in our dust-heap for some rigid, and even splendid, attitude of Death, some exaggeration of the attitudes common to Life. This attitude, rigidity, protest, or explanation, has been called eccentricity by those whose bones are too pliant. But these mummies cast shadows that do not lie in their proper geometrical proportions, and from these distortions dusty laughter may arise." This is a somewhat elusive definition of eccentricity, but perhaps it will serve as well as any other. The "dusty laughter" is mirthless, for it arises chiefly from a sense of the futility of all the scraps and fragments which go to make up the dust-heap. "So here they fall, these units, these gestures, arising from nothing, drifting into nothing, melting like the snow, sifting and falling on to the giant dust-heap." It may be that the hollow laughter of disillusionment is a better antidote against melancholy than the crackling of thorns under a pot, and the scrap-heap, though not in itself an object of charm, certainly exhibits variety and promises surprise in its grotesque disorder. Miss Sitwell has made an amusing collection of quaint relics, and has not needed to go further afield than the English rubbish-dump, for the English, we are informed, have a peculiar talent for eccentricity. The view is shared by many foreign observers.

It is, we suppose, eccentric to refuse to die, and Miss Sitwell begins with a number of remarkable examples of men and women who have persisted in this "attitude, rigidity, protest, or explanation," long beyond a hundred years of life. The eighteenth century was particularly prolific in Methuselahs. Between 1766 and 1780 there were no less than seven persons who lived for one hundred and thirty years, and five persons who exceeded that span, one of them, Mrs. Louisa Trusco, actually reaching the age of one hundred and seventy-five. But the most "remarkable Piece of Antiquity"—immortalised in Westminster Abbey—was the celebrated Thomas Parr, who had lived in the previous century, and who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two. His amatory adventures after the age of eighty are a terrible warning against longevity. There were other eccentrics who, far from clinging defiantly to life, preferred a spectacular renunciation of it. To this class belonged those Ornamental Hermits whom certain noblemen and country gentlemen regarded, and employed, as picturesque features of their estates. They were hard-worked men, who have, perhaps, more claim to the title of eccentrics than the genuine solitaries, who have always abounded, and who even now abound in those parts of the earth where it is still possible to escape "the flux of company." Some, like the French cynic, learned from their experience of men to love animals the more; of this kind was Mrs. Celestina Collins, among whose whims "was that of inviting thirty fowls to sleep in her bed, or, alternately, amongst the kitchen furniture. Her favourite, amongst these bustling and restless companions, was an

immense cock, whose spurs, as the result of age, had grown to the length of three inches. This cock shared her affections with a huge rat, and these two inseparable companions were present at all her meals, which were miserly in the extreme."

Mrs. Collins, however, could not compare as an animal-lover with Mr. Charles Waterton, the South American Wanderer, whose benevolent eccentricity took the form of carrying out the Ancient Mariner's precept with regard to "all things, both great and small." No creature had any terrors for him; from sheer curiosity concerning the arrangement of serpentine teeth, he engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with a fourteen-foot Coulacanara (or boa), sitting on its tail, binding its mouth with his



AN ECCENTRIC WHO WAS SAID TO HAVE A DIFFERENT SNUFF-BOX FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR: CHARLES STANHOPE, LORD PETERSHAM; FROM A CARICATURE BY R. DIGHTON.

braces, and finally stuffing it into a bag. In the same gallant spirit, Mr. Waterton took a ride on the back of an infuriated crocodile, apparently for the fun of the thing. It was, alas! for such adventures as these, and others even more surprising (acquired in the Reading Room of the British Museum), that Louis de Rougemont, another of Miss Sitwell's eccentrics, met with much uncharity and, in the end, endured a harder fate than his spirited imagination deserved. Mr. Waterton's pursuits were not confined to travel and natural history; he made some interesting experiments in aviation (in the eighteenth century), and his feats of agility "were performed in every country he visited. For instance, on one occasion when in Rome, Mr. Waterton climbed up the angel surmounting the Castle of Sant'Angelo, and, having reached that remarkable eminence, persisted in standing on one foot upon its head,

in 'a position,' as Mr. Norman Douglas points out, 'that would have made any self-respecting chamois seasick.' We had thought that such feats were the prerogative of undergraduates in our older universities; but there is nothing new under the sun.

In choosing and arranging her specimens from the junk-heap, Miss Sitwell perhaps does not distinguish clearly enough between madness, or eccentricity, with and without method in it. Many of her eccentrics deliberately put an antic disposition on, being conscious impostors, and knowing that there is no better means of publicity than

singularity. Most notable in this category of *poseurs* are the numerous company of "quacks and alchemists," together with the pious privateers, whose methods do not seem to have changed greatly since the days when the Earl of Rochester practised his miraculous arts under the style of "Alexander Bends, new come from Germany" (the precedent opens up new possibilities for our needy nobility), and Dr. Katterfelto, who exhibited innumerable "wonderful works of Providence" at very moderate rates, and whose lectures were announced as "Philosophical, Mathematical, Optical, Magnetical, Electrical, Physical, Chymical, Pneumatic, Hydraulic, Hydrostatic, Styangraphic, Palenchic, and Caprimantic Art." One of the most enterprising of the impostors was "a servant-girl from Devonshire with a far from unblemished reputation. Her incurable love of romance, and love of wandering, both actually and in imagination, caused her to lose every situation she took"—and therefore, with a very proper spirit, she decided to better herself and to devote herself entirely to the life of imagination. As the Princess Caraboo, she had great, though short-lived, success at Bath, and when fickle England eventually rejected her, she found her way to St. Helena, where she made a more than Platonic impression on the Caged Eagle. Such high-spirited impostors deserve all the fun they can get out of studied eccentricity—a view which Miss Sitwell is inclined to take of de Rougemont, whose vigorous fantasy, after all, deserved no greater penance than that of many writers of fiction.

To the voluntary eccentrics also belong Miss Sitwell's "amateurs of fashion," whose strenuous rivalry in conspicuousness and notoriety drove them to extremes of the fantastic which defy exaggeration. It is saddening to read of the dreadful end of Brummel, the most successful competitor in this crazy contest; and the career of that flamboyant person, Mr. Currie Coates, was not without crises on and off the stage. The involuntary eccentrics—the queer people with natural tendencies to "exaggeration of the attitudes common to Life"—are of many kinds; indeed, they are of more diverse kinds than Miss Sitwell attempts to include in her collection. There are sportsmen of originality, like Mr. Jemmy Hirst, the Rawcliffe tanner, who "did not approve of horses excepting on the racecourse, and who went shooting mounted on the back of a bull of ample proportions and uncertain temper, whilst for pointers, he made use of the

services of a crowd of vivacious and sagacious pigs, all of whom answered to their names, and did their duty irreproachably." There is the skinflint like John Elwes, and there is the man, like Squire Mytton, who in fifteen years let half a million pounds "drift through his fingers." To Mytton belongs the "star turn" of eccentricity, for he set fire to his nightshirt "to frighten away the hiccup." Had he burned himself to death, it would have been a less deplorable end than the delirium tremens to which his daily four bottles of brandy at last brought him.

A strange medley—comical from one angle, tragical from another. The book leaves us with a doubt whether mere oddity offers

real possibilities for artistic treatment, unless related to some coherent representation of life. Miss Sitwell frequently gives the impression that she is pumping the artificial sparkle of a literary artifice into a wine which is naturally still and of somewhat thin quality. From such synthetic processes, headache, rather than exhilaration, is apt to result.

C. K. A.



"A SERVANT-GIRL FROM DEVONSHIRE WITH A FAR FROM UNBLEMISHED REPUTATION," WHO IMPOSED ON SOCIETY IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: MARY BAKER, OR WILCOX, ALIAS PRINCESS CARABOO; FROM AN ENGRAVING BY N. BRANWHITE.

This astonishing impostor pretended to be Princess of Jevasu, an unidentified kingdom, probably in the East Indies. She assumed ignorance of the English language and customs, and carried out a fantastic but remarkably ingenious imposture.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TRAVELLER WHO ADOPTED THE COSTUMES OF THE COUNTRIES HE VISITED AND, AT TIMES, AFFECTED AN IRON WIG: EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU; FROM AN ENGRAVING BY GREATBATCH AFTER A PORTRAIT BY ROMNEY.

* "The English Eccentrics." By Edith Sitwell. (Faber and Faber; 15s. net.)

POLITICAL FERMENT IN EUROPE: OUTSTANDING PHASES AND PERSONALITIES.



THE INITIATOR OF THE PROPOSAL FOR A FOUR-POWER PACT: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI—
HERE SEEN ON A MOTOR-CYCLE, INSPECTING MOTOR-CYCLISTS IN ROME.

Signor Mussolini's proposal for a Four-Power Pact between Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany was first announced, it may be recalled, when he was visited by Mr. MacDonald in March. The suggestion caused disquiet among the smaller Powers, especially those of the Little Entente, but latterly the prospect of removing opposition has improved. On May 28 the Paris correspondent of the "Times" reported that, in view of the progress made, during the discussions



A CONTRAST TO THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI ON HORSE-BACK,
AT A FASCIST MILITARY CEREMONY BEFORE THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS.

held there, towards smoothing away objections, he understood that a virtual agreement had been reached, and that the Pact in its amended form would shortly be initialled. The misgivings of the Little Entente appeared to have been overcome on the understanding that the Pact did not affect their relations with France, and that the revision of territorial questions, if it arose, would be left to the normal procedure of the League of Nations.



THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE AT GENEVA: M. PAUL-
BONCOUR RE-STATING THE FRENCH CONDITIONS.

The recent work of the General Committee of the Disarmament Conference was reviewed by Sir John Simon in Parliament on May 26. Referring to the British Draft Convention, he said: "We have now had most gratifying and helpful declarations, first of all, I think, from Italy, subsequently from France and from America, and recently from Germany, recognising that it is along the lines of this draft that progress is most likely." He emphasised the great significance



MR. NORMAN DAVIS, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR-AT-LARGE,
MAKING A MOMENTOUS DECLARATION AT GENEVA.

and importance of the fact that, with the full authority of the United States Government, their leading representative, Mr. Norman Davis, had indicated that America was prepared to modify the law of neutrality. Alluding to Herr Hitler's recent pronouncement, Sir John attached equal value to a recent incident at Geneva, when "the German representative withdrew an amendment which would have had a shattering effect on the prospects of the Disarmament Conference.



HERR NADOLNY, THE GERMAN DELEGATE AT GENEVA,
WHO WITHDREW A DISRUPTIVE AMENDMENT.



AUSTRIA'S REMARKABLE "LITTLE NAPOLEON," WHO
HAS DEFIED HITLERISM: CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS.

Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, the present Austrian Chancellor, is a remarkable personality. After a recent interview with him, Mr. George Slocombe wrote (in the "Evening Standard"): "Four feet eleven inches is the stature of Chancellor Dollfuss, who has astonished the world by his defiance of Germany and his peremptory expulsion of the Nazi Ministers. The President of the Republic described him to me as 'our little Napoleon.'" Dr. Dollfuss himself said: "I have



DR. DOLLFUSS TAKING THE SALUTE ON THE 250TH
ANNIVERSARY OF VIENNA'S DELIVERANCE FROM THE TURKS.

no fear of Nazis either here or in Germany. I shall protect Austria's independence from attacks within the country or without. You have witnessed a veritable risorgimento in Austria. We desire only to live in peace and friendship with Germany, but we shall not suffer any threats to our independence. I am not a Dictator. I am a democrat. I do not intend to establish a dictatorship in Austria or to restore the monarchy."



"THE MICROSCOPIC MODERN METTERNICH OF EUROPE":
CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS MAKING A POLITICAL SPEECH.

"FLOOD-LIT": THE GERMAN NAVY—VISITED BY HERR HITLER AT KIEL.



HEADED BY THE OLD BATTLE-SHIP "SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN"; WITH HERR HITLER ABOARD: THE GERMAN FLEET RETURNING FROM EXERCISES.

INSET: HERR HITLER GOING ABOARD THE "SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN," TO A SALUTE OF NINETEEN GUNS.

When he visited Kiel last week, Herr Hitler, "flood-lighting" the German Navy, said that it was the visible symbol of the German sense of honour and of German prestige. Three days later it was announced that Germany would be beflagged on Wednesday, May 31, the anniversary of the Battle of Skagerrak, as the Germans call the Battle of Jutland, which they claim as a victory. In this connection, Mr. J. L. Garvin has asked, in the "Observer," why this

celebration of Jutland as a German victory over our Fleet should be allowed to pass without a word in this country in honour of our own ships and men. For, he noted: "that 'victory,' in spite of secondary successes by a most gallant and competent enemy, was followed by the flight of the German fleet to its harbours; by its abandonment of any serious attempt to contest the British mastery of the seas; by its final surrender and destruction."



THE OCCASION ON WHICH HERR HITLER, THE CHANCELLOR, SPOKE OF THE GERMAN NAVY AS THE VISIBLE SYMBOL OF THE GERMAN SENSE OF HONOUR AND OF GERMAN PRESTIGE: THE GERMAN FLEET AT KIEL, READY FOR THE TWO DAYS' EXERCISES.

TOO OFTEN OBSCURED!

THE BRITISH NAVY—EXERCISES.



THE HOME FLEET EXERCISES: THE 16-INCH GUNS OF H.M.S. "RODNEY," A NEW CALIBRE IN THE SERVICE, WHICH HAVE A RANGE OF 35,000 YARDS.

AGAIN to quote Mr. Garvin, whose remarks as to the Battle of Jutland are mentioned on the opposite page: "Herr Hitler's State visit to his Baltic fleet last week was 'flood-lit' by Press comment in a way that the King's service has long ceased to know." In other words, we take the British Navy far too much for granted. "... It would be fatal to allow the German people to suppose, as many of their newspapers suggest, that their version of the Battle of Jutland is tamely accepted by this country, and that the soul of England's naval tradition is dead. Make no mistake. Unless the German people are to be facilely misled once more, we have to stand up like steel against the unbounded self-glorification of Germany's naval part in the War, just as France is entitled to prove that at Verdun and otherwise her own part was not less heroic than that of any people known to history."



AT INVERGORDON FOR THE EXERCISES. H.M.S. "NELSON," WHICH, LIKE HER SISTER, THE BATTLE-SHIP "RODNEY," HAS AN ARMAMENT INCLUDING NINE 16-INCH GUNS, AND TWELVE 6-INCH WHICH ARE THE FIRST POWER-WORKED GUNS OF THAT CALIBRE IN THE SERVICE.



FIG. 1. QESEIR 'AMRA: ONE OF THE OMAYYAD HUNTING LODGES AND BATH-HOUSES IN EASTERN TRANSJORDAN. (EARLY EIGHTH CENTURY A.D.)

OUR historical concept of Palestine is so intimately connected with the Bible that we are prone to forget that it had a history for thousands of years before the Biblical period, as a small part of the great continent of Arabia. Recent finds of importance have called attention to the fact that the whole story of Palestine can be understood only through an increased knowledge of its prehistoric periods. Indeed, Palestine has become one of the main centres of research in the field of prehistoric archaeology. The epoch-making discoveries at Mughâret es-Sukhûl, near Athlit, by Miss Dorothy Garrod and Mr. Theodore McCown, of a group of Neanderthal skeletons, have revealed a new species of man. This new species has been named "*Palaeanthropus Palestinus*," in which the Galilee skull discovered by Mr. Turville Petre would be included. M. René Neuville has recently discovered some remarkable prehistoric rock-drawings in the cave of Umm Qatafa, about seven miles south of Beth-lehem. (See *The Illustrated London News*, Nov. 5, 1932.) Among the animals depicted, according to him, are several elephants, a hippopotamus, a wild boar, a one-horned rhinoceros, the realistically portrayed head of an ox, and several of an indeterminate species. These wall-pictures are the first ever to be discovered in Palestine, and have been connected with the artistic development that marks the end of palaeolithic times.

A new station revealing for the first time the presence of Arabian prehistoric man has been discovered at Kilwa, in the Jebel Tubaig, in south-eastern Transjordan near the Hedjaz frontier. During December 1932, Mr. George Horsfield, Director of Antiquities in Transjordan, the Hon. Mrs. George Horsfield, and Dr. Nelson Glueck, Director of the American School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem, undertook an expedition through the desert of eastern Transjordan from Mafraq to Kilwa. Mafraq is a station on the Hedjaz railway, now the depot in Transjordan of the Iraq Petroleum Company for the laying of the new oil-pipe line. The trip to Kilwa took five days. The expedition, which travelled in three cars, was accompanied by an armoured car and an escort of Bedawin soldiers, most kindly placed at its disposal by Peake Pasha, Officer Commanding the Arab Legion. The way led through desert covered with black basalt and flint pebbles. During the spring-time, after the rains, it becomes green and beautiful, and the Bedawin bring their flocks to graze over it. Along the way lie a number of splendid hunting-lodges (Fig. 1) and holiday residences (Fig. 3), built by Omayyad princes about the beginning of the eighth century A.D. In spring-time the Omayyad Caliphs would leave their palaces in Damascus and return to the desert, whence they derived their origin, to hunt and live for an interval in sophisticated relaxation. At Bayir Wells, where the Arab Legion has constructed a fort, a new outpost of the great Nabataean kingdom was discovered, identified by beautifully painted fragments of delicate pottery which are similar to sherds found at the Nabataean capital of Petra.

The existence of ruins at Kilwa was known to us, and formed the objective of our journey. Gertrude Bell had visited it on her way to Hayil in 1914, merely recording the fact in her letters. We were able to prove that the buildings found belonged to a Christian community of about 1000 A.D. A settlement of hermits, to judge from the numerous small cells in the vicinity of the main buildings, existed there, in the midst of a Moslem world. Several blocks of building stone, with crosses cut on them,



FIG. 2. "A VERITABLE PICTURE GALLERY": THE SANDSTONE HILL AT KILWA, COVERED WITH PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWINGS—(RIGHT) ONE OF THE LIME-KILNS BUILT BY CHRISTIANS ABOUT 1000 A.D.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. GEORGE HORSFIELD, DIRECTOR OF ANTIQUITIES IN TRANSJORDAN.

were found among the ruins of the cells. The stone lintel over one of the hermitages was carved with a Maltese cross and an Arabic inscription of doubtful meaning. The ultimate fate of the Christian inhabitants of Kilwa is obscure. The few buildings they erected, in the style of the Christian architecture of the Hauran, the conduit leading from the nearby hills, the small reservoir built to secure and retain the water obtained during the spring rains, and the crosses and two inscriptions, are their sole monuments.

Long before their time, however, palaeolithic people

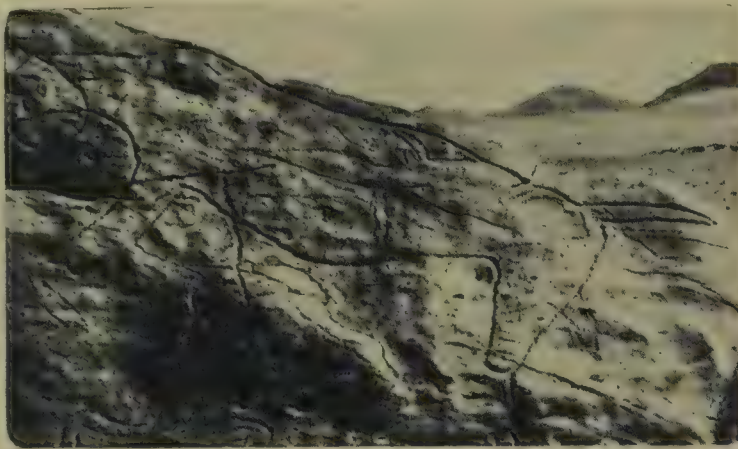


FIG. 4. THE MOST REMARKABLE PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING FOUND: A LARGE OX (ABOUT TWO METRES LONG) SUPERIMPOSED OVER TWO EARLIER ROCK-DRAWINGS OF IBEX; WITH A STYLISED HUMAN FIGURE SQUATTING BENEATH THE OX AND PERHAPS SPEARING IT.

had lived round about Kilwa, and had documented their stay with ineffaceable records. On the smooth surfaces of a small, hard sandstone hill (Fig. 2), a few hundred yards from the cells of the monks, they had incised drawings of animals with which they were familiar, and upon whom their livelihood depended. They evinced artistic ability, through their use of the sensitive medium of line and form. This hill and its rock-drawings must have been known to the Christian inhabitants of Kilwa, for they had built two lime-kilns on the side of the hill immediately below some of the pictures. No one in recent times has mentioned them. The guides of the Arab Legion who accompanied the expedition were unaware of their presence, although they knew of the existence of the buildings. All but two of these rock-drawings go back to the palaeolithic or neolithic periods, as Abbé Henri Breuil, Miss Dorothy Garrod, and M. René Neuville, to whom photographs of them were shown, agree. The presence of prehistoric man in the Arabian desert is thus definitely established.

The most remarkable rock-drawing of the entire group represents an elongated, narrow-headed, horned, cow-like beast, about two metres long (Fig. 4), presumably an ox, superimposed upon several smaller, elongated, horned animals, belonging to an ibex group, which had been engraved on the surface of the rock before the ox was portrayed. The technique is interesting. Starting with a scratched outline, the engraver drilled, picked, or punched a series of holes with a burin, and then proceeded to join them together by diagonal lines, struck from either side, and meeting in the middle to form wedges. Below the left foreleg of the ox was a small, considerably weathered rock-drawing, probably that of an ibex. The circular horns of the ox meet approximately



FIG. 3. QASR HARÂNEH: THE MOST STRIKING OF OMAYYAD RESIDENCES IN EASTERN TRANSJORDAN, REVEALING PERSIAN INFLUENCES IN ARCHITECTURE.

in the centre of the tapering head. The neck-line is clearly drawn. The head and neck of the animal are extended forward and downward, as if it were feeding. It is interesting to note that its only depicted hoof is attached in reverse fashion to its hind-leg by a single line. Squatting under the ox, with arms raised above his head, is the highly stylised figure of a man, resembling one from the Fezzan rock-drawings in North Africa. (See *The Illustrated London News*, Nov. 19, 1932.) In his right hand he is holding what the Abbé Breuil thinks may be a spear, which he has thrust into the side of the ox. The Abbé suggests that this represents a hunting scene.

Immediately above the lime-kiln on the south-eastern side of the hill, on a smooth surface, is a drawing of an ibex, about 50 centimetres high, faithfully and artistically rendered (Fig. 5). The chisel marks are plainly visible, the lower left end of the individual stroke being slightly deeper than the upper end. Some of the lines were made by chiselling from either edge of the desired width of the line, the deepest indentation being in the middle. The artist possessed considerable ability. The full gracefulness and beauty of the delicate animal, which is still to be found in the Transjordan desert, has been caught and imprisoned in the lines on the stone. Details are finely represented. Nostrils and neck-line, horns rising and sweeping back gracefully from the head, then curving and tapering to sharp points touching the back, the foreleg lifted in motion—all these features bound together in a delicate yet strongly portrayed whole give the picture vibrant reality. The head of the ibex is raised, and from its mouth stream two lines representing blood, as Abbé Breuil has suggested. It is a wounded ibex poised in flight.

A quick survey of the hill revealed the fact that it was a veritable picture-gallery. Every smooth surface on the sides and top had been utilised to engrave pictures of ibexes and other animals. There was no time for accurate measurement or detailed study of individual engravings. The water supply of the expedition was low, and we had to be off on the return journey the same day. We photographed as many rock-drawings as possible, but undoubtedly missed a number of them. A future expedition to Kilwa should be made to hunt for additional engravings on the same hill, to undertake excavations for datable objects, such as flints and fauna, and to examine carefully other rock masses in the vicinity.

Large surfaces of rock are crowded with pictures of ibexes placed in every possible space, at all angles, and superimposed upon one another in bewildering confusion. Of many of these only fragmentary lines remain, because some surfaces of the rock have weathered away. Other rock-drawings stand out very clearly, despite weathering. The execution of the engravings was not always the same, some of the ibexes being portrayed with fine, clearly incised lines, others with broad, coarser lines, often superimposed over the finer ones. A crude, deeply outlined picture of an oryx, dating probably to the palaeolithic period, was found on the north-eastern side of the hill (Fig. 6), lacking the artistry which characterises some of the other pictures.

On a ledge on the top of the hill are some crude, large, elongated animals, which, according to Abbé Breuil, may represent leopards, and are also palaeolithic. The prehistoric artists of Kilwa represented animals familiar to them. Rock-drawings of similar types, belonging to the palaeolithic and neolithic periods, have been found on numerous prehistoric sites in Europe and Africa. It seems probable that their closest relationship is with the prehistoric art of North Africa.

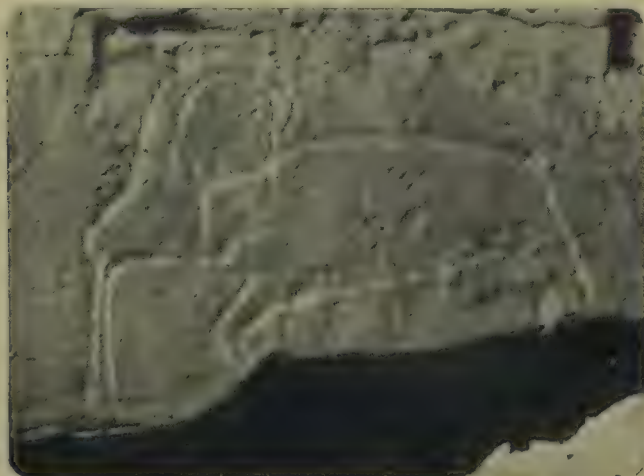


FIG. 5. A PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING OF A WOUNDED IBEX IN FLIGHT, WITH BLOOD STREAMING FROM ITS MOUTH: A FAITHFUL RENDERING. (ABOUT 50 CM. HIGH.)



FIG. 6. A PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING OF AN ORYX: A CRUDE AND DEEPLY OUTLINED FIGURE DATING PROBABLY FROM THE PALAEO-LITHIC PERIOD.

HOW THE DERBY BETTING ODDS ARE FIXED: THE FAMOUS "CALL-OVER."



MEN WHO FIX THE BETTING ON THE DERBY: A "CALL-OVER" AT THE VICTORIA CLUB BEFORE THE RACE—SHOWING THE CHAIRMAN, MR. A. T. CASSINI (WITH HAND UPRaised, STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR IN THE BACKGROUND), CONDUCTING THE PROCEEDINGS.

PROBABLY few among the millions of people interested in racing know how the betting odds are determined for the Derby and other big races. It is extremely interesting, therefore, to see from these photographs exactly how the prices are arranged, by means of a "call-over" conducted somewhat on the lines of an auction or a commercial exchange. This famous function at the Victoria Club, in Wellington Street, Strand, has, indeed, been termed "the Stock Exchange of the Turf." Instead of an auctioneer, there is a chairman, and instead of buyers there are bookmakers, agents, and private punters. Usually, the favourite is the first to be put up. "Manitoba," the chairman will say. "What offers, Manitoba?" Then the business begins, and as soon as the leading candidates have been dealt with, the rest are taken in alphabetical order. All bets are required to be made through the chair. This plan simplifies matters, for, were the company left to wager among themselves on a name being called, the result would be pandemonium. Offers of bets can be withdrawn only by permission. The final price on any horse becomes its



MR. A. T. CASSINI (WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARM) CONDUCTING THE DERBY "CALL-OVER" AT THE VICTORIA CLUB: THE WELL-KNOWN CHAIRMAN, WHO HAS OFFICIATED FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS.

published rate. After the last name has been called and the last transaction concluded, the chairman says: "Compare your bets." Thereupon the representative of the tape hurries away to announce the prices, which are also returned by representatives of sporting papers and a club official. At the final call-over at the Victoria Club on the night of May 30, the eve of the Derby, there was heavy wagering, and the various horses were backed to win sums totalling well over £75,000, including £20,000 on the favourite, Manitoba. Describing the scene, an eye-witness says (in the "Daily Express"): "They wager in thousands. Jack So-and-So shouts that he is prepared to 'lay' nine 'monkeys' to one. Each 'monkey' represents a unit of £500. A 'pony' is £25. They made notes in small pocket-books; they nodded in acceptance of a wager; but nobody signed any document. For twenty years the chairman of this call-over has been Mr. A. T. Cassini. He is so familiar with the members that often he does not need to turn his head when an offer is made or accepted—he knows the voices. Just beneath him sits the clerk who records details."

The 1933 Derby Won by the 17th Earl of Derby, After Whose Ancestor, the 12th Earl, the First Derby was Named.



THE FINISH OF THIS YEAR'S DERBY—"THE 150TH RENEWAL OF THE DERBY STAKES": LORD DERBY'S HYPERION WINNING; WITH KING SALMON SECOND AND STATESMAN THIRD.

The Derby—"the 150th renewal of the Derby Stakes"—was run on Wednesday, May 31. It was won by Lord Derby's Hyperion (Gainsborough—Selene); trained by Lambton, T. Weston up. The second was Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen's King Salmon (Salmon Trout—Malva); trained by O. Bell; H. Wragg up. The third was Mr. V. Emanuel's Statesman (Blandford—Dall); trained by Duller; B. Carslake up. The betting was: Hyperion, 6-1; King Salmon, 7-1;

Statesman, 20-1. Hyperion won by four lengths. There was one length between the second and third. The time was 2 min. 34 sec., a record. The story of the event, the most famous of races, has been told so often that there is no need to deal with it again; but it is interesting to remember how it came to be called "The Blue Riband of the Turf." We quote the "Evening Standard": "The christening happened like this: Lord George

Bentinck, in 1848, was bemoaning the fact that only two years before he had sold the Derby winner of that year. He had sold it for a small sum as a yearling. Its name was Surplice. The friend said to Lord George: 'Never mind.' Lord George replied: 'But I do mind. You do not know what the Derby is.' The friend replied: 'Of course I do. It is nothing more nor less than the Blue Riband of the Turf.' To which it may be

added that the first Derby was run on May 4, 1780, and the "Evening News" has noted that it arose out of wagers at a convivial meeting of sportsmen held at the house of the twelfth Earl of Derby. "These jovial spirits dined so gloriously under the hospitable roof of their host that they departed at the dawn, pledged to celebrate the occasion by running a race for stakes to be named after Lord Derby."

THE 1933 DERBY: THE KING'S ARRIVAL; AND LORD DERBY LEADING-IN.



1



2

1. THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE GRAND STAND FOR THE DERBY: THEIR MAJESTIES GREETED BY LORD ROSEBERY.

2. THE WINNING OWNER: LORD DERBY SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS JOCKEY, T. WESTON, BEFORE LEADING-IN HIS HYPERION.—ON THE RIGHT, S. DONOGHUE, WHO RODE LORD DERBY'S SECOND STRING, THRAPSTON.

To the pleasure of the great crowds at Epsom, their Majesties the King and Queen saw the race for the Derby. They were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Earl of

Harewood, Lord Carnegie, and Lady Maud Carnegie. The Prince of Wales and Prince George, who had come from Fort Belvedere, joined them on the course. As we note on our double-page, the race was won by Hyperion, T. Weston up.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH the only economic conferences with which I am personally familiar are of a private sort, directed to the question of balancing the family budget, I realise that the domestic problem is involved in the world problem, and I follow "with forks and hope" the various adventures in search of a solution. Among the political knights-errant engaged in the quest, the new President of the United States is conspicuous, and ever since his name was mentioned in that connection I have read of his deeds and words with admiration, and wished more power to his elbow. There is an air of encouragement about the very title of "LOOKING FORWARD." By Franklin D. Roosevelt. With Frontispiece Portrait (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). The capacity to see ahead, to a sunlit calm beyond the over-head storm, is very valuable and none too common. The President possesses it to a marked degree. While deploring, with Hamlet, that "the times are out of joint," he does not consider it a "cursed spite" that he should be cast for the Barkerian rôle of bone-setter. He approaches his task in a spirit of high confidence, although deprecating foolish optimism.

The present volume, he points out, is a compilation from many articles written and speeches made prior to March 1 last; that is, before his inauguration as President; but he has "added parts which bind the material as a whole." The book is mainly concerned with the internal affairs of the United States, in politics, economics, finance, agriculture, and social questions, discussed from an American point of view, and it touches comparatively slightly on those of Europe. Apart from the President's Inaugural Address (reprinted at the end), practically only two of the fifteen chapters deal with foreign relations—those on the tariff and on "national and international unity." I see no allusions to Prohibition. In a short chapter on crime and criminals, the President denounces excessive sentences, and the development of prisons into "colleges of crime," but makes no reference, apparently, to gangsters or to kidnapping, of which we hear so much in most books about modern America.

President Roosevelt's work is therefore, I think, chiefly intended for home consumption; but, exploring as it does the whole field of American commercial and industrial difficulties, it cannot fail to be of deep interest to British students of conditions across the Atlantic. I imagine that it was written before the President's recent talks with Mr. MacDonald, but of course it is impossible to say how far those conversations and subsequent developments may have modified his views. Regarding war debts, he writes: "It is sound common sense to assist your debtors in every way, but there is neither practicality nor honour nor world safety in cancellation." Referring to the damaging effects of high tariffs, he says: "Unless this process is reversed throughout the world, there is no hope for full economic recovery, or for true prosperity in the United States."

President Roosevelt recalls that in 1920 he "worked and spoke in behalf of American participation in a League of Nations," but deplores the fact that it has not developed on the lines intended by its founder, Woodrow Wilson. If it has deviated from pure Wilsonian doctrine, however, can America complain? Strong criticism of the "repudiation" of President Wilson on his return home is contained in "SOME MEMORIES OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE." By Colonel R. H. Beadon (Lincoln Williams; 12s. 6d.). Colonel Beadon, who was one of the British delegates in Paris, offers his book mainly as a record of the delegation on its personal side, about which, he says, comparatively little has been published. His own work is based on diaries, letters, and notes which he recorded at the time. He has waited a good many years to give us these intimate memories, but perhaps he felt that the lapse of time would allow him greater latitude, as, for example, when he recalls Lord Balfour's remark: "Who is that man who looks like a horse and talks like an ass?" Apart from that, however, I have not noticed much cause for so long a delay in publication. The book teems with interesting *personalia* concerning everybody, from the Big Four downwards. Noteworthy instances are the author's recollections of the late Lord Thomson and Princess Bibesco, of many talks with Lawrence of Arabia, and Sir William Orpen's description of attending Mass with Marshal Foch during the crisis of the war in 1918, and seeing him "wrestling in prayer." At the same time, the book is far from being

a mere gathering of anecdotes. There are many shrewd comments on grave political problems involved in the Treaty, such as those of Danzig and the Polish Corridor, and also on such general questions as the relative value of law and force in the settlement of international disputes.

Some very cheery reminiscences of Anglo-American co-operation in war time occur prominently in an autobiographical book by a distinguished pioneer of military aviation—"HOT AIR IN COLD BLOOD." By Brig.-Gen. Guy Livingston, C.M.G., Late Director of Air Organisation, War Office, and Deputy-Master-General of Personnel, Air Ministry. Illustrated (Selwyn and Blount; 18s.). The author was one of those who presided at the birth of the R.A.F., having previously been closely concerned with the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Naval Air Service. "It had been decided," he recalls, "that the Royal Air Force should come into being on April 1st, 1918 (whoever selected the date had evidently a sense of humour)."

After the war he was Messrs. Vickers' representative in foreign countries, but I see no mention of Russia. Soon after the United States entered the war, he went over there, at the special request of the American Government, to help

conclusion that a really close co-operation between English-speaking peoples would make for lasting peace in the world." The mention of Admiral Moffat's name recalls the tragedy of the *Akron*.

There is much else in General Livingston's breezily provocative book upon which I should like to expatiate, such as his scornful allusions to international financiers and profiteers, his suggestion of an organised Labour Corps in place of the dole, his explanations of the reasons why we lose naval and other contracts abroad, his tribute to Lord Reading as "absolutely outstanding in clear thinking and concise expression" among the political personalities of the war, his recollections of his early association with Grahame-White, and his revelation of himself as one who is no respecter of persons and did not suffer wire-pullers gladly. Regarding disarmament and the League of Nations, his comment is: "Fifteen years of talk have not changed human nature, and so long as there are he-men in the world there will be wars; the only practical method of preventing war is to remove the causes, wherever possible, and Winston Churchill appears to be the only man who has seen clearly in this direction."

No adventurer of the days when knights were bold could have had more varied experiences than those of a modern knight of the camera, as described in an entertaining book of reminiscences entitled "TO THE FOUR CORNERS." The Memoirs of a News Photographer. By Bernard Grant. With Foreword by Sir Philip Gibbs and eighty Illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). Mr. Grant, who is one of a trio of brothers all famous in the "Street of Adventure," numbers among the countless targets of his lens Mr. Churchill at the siege of Sidney Street, the Suffragette Derby of 1913, the first cross-Channel flight, and the Paulhan-Grahame-White race to Manchester, and an occasion during the war when "for the first time in history an American officer took command of a British home port." That was the time when Admiral Sims commanded British and American destroyers at Queenstown.

Especially interesting is a chapter describing the reaction to the camera of various celebrities, including two American Presidents. One was "the other" Mr. Roosevelt—Theodore of that ilk. "The late President Roosevelt," says Mr. Grant, "was a celebrity I found 'difficult.' When he was on his way to

East Africa on a big game shoot, I toiled through scorching Spain to Gibraltar to get pictures of him on the Rock." When Mr. Grant was introduced, the President, though very affable, added: "But, if you please, no photographs, no photographs of any kind." Mr. Grant, however, was not to be denied. "I hired a cab," he says, "and followed him everywhere he went, successfully hiding myself and my camera behind the curtains with which these unique vehicles are hung." Regarding the founder of the League of Nations, Mr. Grant recalls a trait of character whereof he provides photographic evidence. "Snapshots proved," he writes, "that President Wilson was an absent-minded man, and a conventional public gasped when they saw in their papers that he had posed for his photograph with the King with one leg of his trousers turned up and the other turned down!"

In conclusion, let me commend briefly to readers, anxious to hear all sides of current questions, several other significant books. The religious point of view is expressed with authority in a collection of independent, though strikingly unanimous, essays by thirty-two leading clerics and laymen, headed by the two Archbishops, entitled "CHRISTIANITY AND THE CRISIS." Edited by Dr. Percy Dearmer, Canon of Westminster (Gollancz; 5s.). Two admirable works are designed to interest and instruct the younger generation especially, but not exclusively, in world conditions, political and geographical. One is "THE MODERN WORLD." A Junior Survey. By H. C. Knapp-Fisher; author of "Outline of World History for Boys and Girls" (Gollancz; 5s.). The other is "THE HOME OF MANKIND." The Story of the World We Live In. By Hendrik Willem van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind" and "The Liberation of Mankind" (Harrap; 12s. 6d.), a highly original study of world geography in the light of history, written in a distinctive and arresting vein, by an author who illustrates his own work in an unconventional manner. A well-known writer gives his reading of the economic riddle, as offered in lectures to an Italian University, in "A.B.C. OF ECONOMICS." By Ezra Pound (Faber; 3s. 6d.). A theory of social and economic science much discussed of late is briefly set forth in "INTRODUCTION TO TECHNOCRACY." By Howard Scott and Others. With a Reading List for Laymen (Lane; 2s.). C. E. B.



A GIPSY RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: CHILDREN BEING LIFTED UP TO TOUCH THE FIGURES OF ST. MARY OF BETHANY AND ST. MARY THE MOTHER OF JAMES, WHICH ARE BORNE IN PROCESSION TO THE SEA.



BLESSING THE SEA AT THE SPOT WHERE THE THREE SAINTS MARY TRADITIONALLY LANDED; WITH GIPSIES CARRYING THE HEAVY SHRINE INTO THE WATER.

Every year in May the roads of Southern France are crowded with Gipsy pilgrims to Les Saintes-Maries, a little town on the Rhône delta. The town owes its name to Mary of Bethany, Mary the mother of James, and Mary Magdalene, who, according to tradition, landed there with Lazarus, St. Maximinus, and Sarah, their black servant. It is Sarah, their patron, that the Gipsies gather to honour. The pilgrimage, one of the most ancient in Provence, ends on May 25 at the church, a tenth-century building which contains the relics of Mary of Bethany, Mary the mother of James, and of Sarah. Afterwards, the Gipsies take the Saints' figures in procession to the beach, where their bishop blesses the sea

organise the American Military Air Service. An American camp was formed later near Winchester, and it fell to him to address the men as they landed at Southampton, and explain why they were sent to England first. "I must say," he writes, "that it has never been my lot to deal with a more intelligent or finer body of men. . . . All their officers gave us the most loyal assistance, and we never had any trouble or friction." Equally happy was the state of affairs in Washington. "It was this spirit of real camaraderie," he writes, "which made it such a pleasure to work with the Americans during the whole time that I was in the country, and this was not confined to the Military Air Service, for very shortly after my arrival General Kenly took me to see Admiral Moffat, who commanded the American Naval Air Service. . . . I came to the

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

WE are accustomed to the type of disillusioned modern novel, bitter with the taste of gall and worm-wood. It is usually the product of writers who are indisputably clever, but whose cleverness is always in revolt from life. They adopt a rather facile idealism, and then conceive an unsatisfactory series of events which, contrasted with that expressed or implicit idealism, appear more than ever unsatisfactory. The novels of Mr. Aldous Huxley are conceived in this spirit; but such is the brilliance of his mind, and so unfailing his intellectual curiosity, that the reader is able to support, without too much emotional and mental discomfort, the almost monotonous melancholy of his conclusions.

One has less patience with some of his disciples. Over-succulent harmonies may cloy the ear, but they are preferable to discords which continually jar it. So it is a relief to find that Mr. James Cleugh, another very modern young writer, whose cleverness, up-to-date-ness, and erudition remind one of Mr. Huxley, brings his novel "Rush Hour," to a close with a sequence of vigorous major chords. One must admit that this sanguine conclusion is achieved at the cost of probability; the members of his quartette have been playing out of tune so deliberately and so long that it seems impossible they should come together at the end. They have used all their attributes—their wealth, their brains, their beauty, even (in Clare's case) their personal integrity, to do each other harm: it does not seem likely that they will change their ingrained habits of mind. But experience does teach; circumstances do alter cases; and, realising this, Mr. Cleugh has given his provocative, brilliant, disagreeable story a sudden glimpse of wider horizons which sets it apart from novels of its class.

"The Great Day" is an account of the lives of men and women working on the staff of an American sensational newspaper. One and all they loathe their jobs; one and all they look forward to "the great day" when they can leave the office and live as they please. Anything is justified which may hasten the moment of retirement; in their methods of raising money Miss Carneal's characters are as unscrupulous as Mr. Cleugh's. Her book is as able as it is depressing; if her purpose is to make one despair of modern civilisation, she certainly succeeds.

The picture Mrs. Mordaunt paints of life on a Pacific island is not very pretty either. But "Mrs. Van Kleeck" has the gaiety and wit and resourcefulness and vitality of the aging but still vigorous hotel-proprietress who gives the story its name. There are various sensational happenings; a runaway wife turns up, and a long-lost son. But neither death, plague, nor fire can permanently disturb the serenity of Mrs. Van Kleeck. Only old age can do that. Her indomitable figure presides over the story, just as she presided over her hotel. If she is not as magnificent as Mrs. Mordaunt would like us to believe, she is still a picturesque creation—a woman who never shirked responsibility for her acts and was afraid of nothing.

"Grand Canary" tells how Harvey Leith, a brilliant young doctor, achieved mental and moral rehabilitation when his life was on the verge of shipwreck. He had discovered a serum which he could not persuade the hospital authorities to allow him to use; when at last they consented, the patients were already moribund, and the experiment proved a failure. Most unjustly, Leith was blamed for their death, and dismissed. Chagrined and disappointed, the young man began to drink himself to death. A friend induced him to take a sea-voyage. At first his wounded pride kept him sulking in his shell; but presently he found solace in one of his fellow-passengers. Lady Fielding's charm is very cleverly suggested; perhaps the odd, and on the whole unpleasing, characters of their fellow-travellers emphasised it. Chance gave Harvey Leith the opportunity of saving her life and incidentally of putting to the test his own professional abilities—abilities which the author, himself a doctor, makes appear extremely convincing. Not everything in "Grand Canary" is equally convincing, but Dr. Cronin handles his tale in a masterly manner; one has no wish to put it down.

When English novelists write about Russia one generally suspects them of supplementing fact with fancy. How far "Knight Without Armour" is a true picture of Russia before and after the Revolution I do not know; I can only say that "A. J.'s" experiences have an extraordinary

air of reality. Released from Siberia, he makes the acquaintance of Countess Adraxine, and thenceforth vows himself to her service. Their adventures in search of the coast and safety are thrilling, and do Mr. Hilton's invention the utmost credit. The tale is beautifully constructed; it is a little work of art, as satisfying in general plan as it is enthralling in detail.

"New Timber Lane" is the long, leisurely autobiography of one Edmund Earlwin, the eccentric younger son of a small-statured, domineering country gentleman. Perhaps Edmund's dislike of parental control gave him a chronic distaste for the conventions; at any rate, through the whole of his career he showed a singular independence. His marriage was his first act of rebellion. But, though he carried it through, he did not stick to it; and in his

injustice. The title story, "The Delicate Fire," a vivid little picture of Lesbos in the time of Sappho, is free from horror; but all the tales dealing with the fugitives from "Lovely" Mantinea contain passages so brutal that the sensitive reader would gladly skip them. Mrs. Mitchison is an acknowledged master of the historical novel; it is to be hoped that in her next book she will ring up the curtain on calmer scenes; after all, the ancient Greeks had their leisure—at least, they talked a lot about it.

"Pond Hall's Progress" is a further instalment of Mr. Freeman's annals of a Suffolk farm—the last instalment, one fears, for the story ends with the break-up of the Brundishes' long-preserved property. Dick Brundish was badly wounded in the war; he married an Italian, to the surprise of the district and the disgust of his old father.

Hard times soured him; the infidelity of his wife (a delightful woman who had borne with his ill-temper and done her utmost for him) was the final blow. A sad story, but perhaps no sadder than many others in the recent history of English agriculture, and told with skill and knowledge.

One does not expect a thunderstorm from a clear sky, but they do come. The beginning of "Death of a Sinner" is so pastoral and pleasant and secure, the two young men, living in neighbouring country houses, are so amiable and apparently so free from serious worries, that one is hardly prepared for the tragic climax. Yet it is, I think, aesthetically justifiable, and the preparations made for it, though slight, are adequate. Mr. Ralph Arnold has written an enjoyable story, thoughtful and individual, and, in spite of the artificiality of its plot, curiously human.

There is nothing particularly original in "Paid in Full"; we are all familiar with detective stories whose scene is laid at a country-house party. All the same, I found Mr. Lawrence Meynell's story absorbing. His detective and his police-sergeant are pleasant people, and all the many red herrings (to mix the metaphor) pull their own weight. It is not very difficult to "spot" the murderer: Mr. Meynell is self-conscious about him, and his voice (as it were) changes key when the villain (as I suppose we must call him) appears.

"The Kennel Murder Case" is competent and ingenious and well told, but it is too complicated, and to enjoy it thoroughly one must be either a collector of Oriental china or a breeder of dogs, or, better still, both. Philo Vance's mannerisms get a little on one's nerves, and Sergeant Heath's rudeness gives an unfavourable impression of the manners of American policemen.

In "The Fate of Jane McKenzie," most of the spade-work in the solution is done by a lad in his teens: Peter Piper, newspaper reporter and amateur sleuth, has little to

do but put "Hayseed's" clues together, and listen to the illuminating recital of the novelist, another expert in crime, whom I long suspected of being the criminal. Miss Mavity's story is up to the average of its class, but not more.

"Fog," as its title suggests, has plenty of atmosphere; Mr. Valentine Williams and Miss Dorothy Rice Sims make us feel that we really are on an Atlantic liner, and that, on deck, we cannot see a yard before our faces. The *Barbaric* was not a nice ship to travel by: apart from the murderer (a man with very strong fingers), there was Sitting Bull, a formidable lady and a terror to her partners at bridge. The story is well told and the characters interesting—indeed, I found myself wishing I could enjoy them for themselves, without having to estimate their murderous potentialities.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Rush Hour. By James Cleugh. (*Rich and Cowan*; 7s. 6d.)
 The Great Day. By Georgette Carneal. (*Constable*; 7s. 6d.)
 Mrs. Van Kleeck. By Elinor Mordaunt. (*Secker*; 7s. 6d.)
 Grand Canary. By A. J. Cronin. (*Gollancz*; 7s. 6d.)
 Knight Without Armour. By James Hilton. (*Benn*; 7s. 6d.)
 New Timber Lane. By Ernest Raymond. (*Cassell*; 7s. 6d.)
 The Delicate Fire. By Naomi Mitchison. (*Cape*; 7s. 6d.)
 Pond Hall's Progress. By H. W. Freeman. (*Chatto and Windus*; 7s. 6d.)
 Death of a Sinner. By Ralph Arnold. (*Heinemann*; 7s. 6d.)
 Paid in Full. By Lawrence Meynell. (*Harper*; 7s. 6d.)
 The Kennel Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. (*Cassell*; 7s. 6d.)
 The Fate of Jane McKenzie. By Nancy Barr Mavity. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)
 Fog. By Valentine Williams and Dorothy Rice Sims. (*Hodder and Stoughton*; 7s. 6d.)



A MILITARY REVIEW IN IRAQ ON THE OCCASION OF KING FEISAL'S BIRTHDAY: HIS MAJESTY TAKING THE SALUTE AS MACHINES OF HIS AIR FORCE FLY PAST THE ROYAL STANDARD.



KING FEISAL (LEFT) REVIEWING HIS ARMY: HIS MAJESTY RIDING PAST THE MECHANICAL TRANSPORT SECTION, WHICH IS COMPOSED OF MORRIS COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.

In honour of King Feisal's birthday, a military review was held at Baghdad on May 20, during which his Majesty inspected his land and air forces. Eight new aeroplanes built in England for the Iraq Air Force flew out to Baghdad last month. During King Feisal's forthcoming State visit to this country, his only son, H.R.H. the Amir Ghazi, will, it is expected, act for the first time as his father's Regent. On the opposite page we publish a photograph showing the Baghdad crowd crossing the Maude Bridge to attend the unveiling ceremony illustrated on the right.



AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE KING OF IRAQ UNVEILED ON HIS BIRTHDAY BY THE PRIME MINISTER: THE WORK OF THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR, SIGNOR PIETRO CANONICA.



THREE PROMINENT PERSONALITIES OF IRAQ: KING FEISAL; H.E. RASHID ALI BEG AL-GAILANI, THE PRIME MINISTER; AND THE KING'S BROTHER, EX-KING ALI OF THE HEDJAZ (LEFT TO RIGHT).

subsequent relations with women he showed more ardour than constancy. Mr. Raymond's story gives a delightful picture of London in the 'eighties and 'nineties. Earlwin was a man of the world, though not bound by its usages, and his recollections of spacious Victorian days are full of the charm of their period.

Mrs. Mitchison takes us much further back, and her stories are designed to evoke not the graciousness of the Past, but its cruelty, suffering, and above all its social

A "BRIDGE OF SIGHS"! CROSS-RIVER TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN BAGHDAD.



BAGHDAD CROWDS ON THE BIRTHDAY OF KING FEISAL—SHORTLY DUE ON A STATE VISIT TO ENGLAND:
A HEAVY STRAIN ON THE OLD MAUDE BRIDGE BUILT ON PONTOONS ACROSS THE TIGRIS.

King Feisal of Iraq has arranged to come this month on a State visit to England. On June 20 a State banquet is to be given in his honour at Buckingham Palace, and on the following day he is to be entertained at a luncheon in the Guildhall. The above photograph was taken on his birthday, May 20, in Baghdad, and an explanatory note says: "The photograph shows the seething mass of humanity surging across the world-famous Maude Bridge to attend the unveiling by the Prime Minister of the statue of H.M. King Feisal. It is rumoured in Baghdad that in the near future a larger and more permanent structure will be erected to relieve

congestion of cross-river traffic. Old residents of Baghdad, however, will hope that, if and when the new bridge comes into being, it will not mean the disappearance of the old Maude Bridge." The statue is an equestrian one. Another event of the celebrations was King Feisal's review of his Army and Air Force on the parade ground opposite the Royal Palace. A few weeks ago it was announced that Iraqi air pilots trained in England were leaving with eight new aeroplanes for the Iraqi Air Force, in charge of two Flight-Lieutenants of the R.A.F. The aeroplanes are equipped for police duty in the desert, and each carries three machine-guns.

THE THREAT TO CANTERBURY'S ANCIENT SAVED FROM

DRAWINGS AND ARTICLE BY

AMONG the historic towns of England Canterbury stands pre-eminently for the charm of its old-world atmosphere. It is largely timber-built, a fact hardly realised even by its inhabitants, for many of the old wooden fronts are disguised by "mathematical" tiles which are made to resemble brick-work. Since the days when Charles Dickens penned his delightful descriptions of the quaint streets of the city in "David Copperfield," the hand of the builder has been busy enough. Fires have resulted in the loss of picturesque structures here and there, and deliberate and unnecessary rebuildings

(Continued below on left)

have taken place in the main street, and here and there in the lesser ones, yet this process has been, on the whole, so slow that Canterbury has emerged into the more enlightened years of the twentieth century possessed of an amazingly rich heritage representing the architecture of every century from Norman times onwards. An illustration of the City Council's active interest in the preservation of its ancient monuments was its decision last autumn to spend £2200 on the restoration of the massive Norman keep of the castle. This fine example of twelfth-century work was partially demolished in 1817, when the whole of the uppermost floor was pulled down. The work of destruction was only stopped on account of the expense incurred, and soon afterwards the structure was taken over by the local gas and water company. Until 1929 it was utilised as a storage place for coal, but during the previous year the Gas Company had been induced to find other accommodation for their reserve of coal and to offer to sell the Castle to the City Council. The purchase was eventually arranged, and now, having acquired possession of this very fine monument of Norman times, the Council has wisely undertaken to spend the sum already mentioned over a period of four years, during which the structure will be put into a thoroughly sound state of repair. The spiral staircase in the eastern angle will be restored, so that it will be possible to view the walls at different

(Continued below)

THE REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE IN ST. GEORGE'S STREET THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION: A HOUSE FROM WHICH SOME FINE OAK PANELLING HAS BEEN REMOVED AND OFFERED FOR SALE.

levels and to reach the top, whence an exceedingly interesting view over the southern side of the city will be obtainable. The Council is taking advantage of the best archaeological advice in the work of restoration. The need for constant watchfulness if the exquisite charm of the city is to be preserved is illustrated by the demolition which has lately taken place of the picturesque old houses at the corner of St. Peter Street and the Friars. They probably dated from the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth century. Fortunately the efforts of many of the townsfolk are now actively devoted towards the saving of any house worth preservation, and in three recent instances good examples of sixteenth-century structures have, at considerable trouble and cost, been saved from destruction. In one case the loss of the ancient building in question would have been a first-class disaster to the character of the pivotal point in the centre of the city. A sixteenth-century house standing at the south-east angle of quaint old Mercury Lane, which

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A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE AT THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF QUAIN OLD MERCURY LANE, CANTERBURY, RECENTLY SAVED FROM DEMOLITION: PART OF THE FIRST FLOOR BEFORE IT WAS RESTORED.

leads down to the gateway into the Cathedral Precincts, was threatened with demolition on account of the decay of a number of the extremities of its oak timbering. Shoring was fixed to it on the side facing Mercury Lane, and when a good deal of the woodwork had been exposed, the architect was reluctantly coming to the view that to save the structure would prove too costly. The owners, however, Messrs. Boots, Ltd., were so alive to the importance of preserving the old-time feeling of the historic little lane through which pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas had passed for centuries that they listened to the appeals of enlightened Canterbury citizens, and, with much public spirit, faced the considerable cost which preservation involved. The architect was allowed to proceed, and now the restored house is as sound as if not sounder than it was when first built. In course of work on the foundations, it was discovered that the original street-level had risen two or three feet since the house was built, and that deep down was a fifteenth-century crypt whose roof was supported with massive ribs of stone, not unlike the vaults under the ancient

BUILDINGS: BEAUTIES OF THE OLD CITY DEMOLITION.

Major Gordon Home, F.R.S.A. writes.



THE OLD HOUSE IN MERCURY LANE, A LITTLE STREET THROUGH WHICH PILGRIMS TO THE SHRINE OF ST. THOMAS USED TO PASS: ANOTHER PART OF THE FIRST FLOOR BEFORE RESTORATION.

"Chequers of the Hops" on the opposite side of the lane. This crypt, which contains a well built into one angle, has now been made accessible to the public, and in it has been placed on view the collection of glass and pottery dating back to medieval times which was discovered in the foundations during the work of restoration. The second building saved from demolition is known as All Saints' Square. It is a picturesquely situated little quadrangle, with one side abutting the branch of the Stour just below Kingsbridge and the many-gabled structure of the Canterbury Weavers. The side washed by the stream was demolished a few years ago by order of the sanitary officer, and its removal turned the little courtyard from a place of gloom into one of light and charm, for the view which has been exposed faces south-east and includes the towers

(Continued above)



THE OLD HOUSE IN ALL SAINTS' SQUARE RESTORED: THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PORTION; SHOWING HOW CEILINGS AND PARTITIONS WERE CLEARED TO LEAVE ONE LONG ROOM ROOFED WITH OAKEN TIMBERS.

of the Cathedral rising above a medley of quaint old tiled roofs and gables. The side of the square facing All Saints' Lane dates from the sixteenth century, and has its upper floor projecting on rounded joist-ends, and is timber-framed throughout. The two remaining sides are of brick, and, although of later date, are not unpleasing. Many alterations and patchings had robbed the oldest side of the square of much of its picturesque quality, the whole of the quadrangle had been let as tenements to slum types, and, since it had become insanitary, a demolition order was about to be promulgated by the City

(Continued below on right)



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE IN ALL SAINTS' LANE; ONE OF A GROUP THAT HAS BEEN RECONDITIONED INSTEAD OF BEING PULLED DOWN.

Council. The writer urged postponement, and a delay of three months was granted. During that interval a local builder (Mr. S. Cozens) came forward, purchased the little square in its entirety, and proceeded to recondition it in a most thorough fashion. The squalour of the courtyard has vanished with its former inhabitants, and in place of dirty trodden earth it has brick-paved paths and squares of grass surrounding a fish-pond, while on the river-side there is a raised terrace and a low brick parapet. The whole of the upper floor of the sixteenth-century portion of the buildings has been cleared of partitions and ceilings leaving one long room roofed with a forest of oaken timbers. The windows, which have been restored as far as possible to their original state, were found in some instances to have preserved indications of their early unglazed form. One of them, which had been covered

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A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WINDOW IN ALL SAINTS' SQUARE: ONE THAT, WHEN RESTORED, WAS FOUND TO RETAIN ITS EARLY UNGLAZED FORM.



BEFORE RESTORATION: THE SHOP IN MERCURY LANE THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION THROUGH THE DECAY OF ITS OAK TIMBERING.



AFTER RESTORATION: THE OLD SHOP AT THE CORNER OF MERCURY LANE NOW RESTORED AND AS SOUND AS WHEN IT WAS FIRST BUILT.

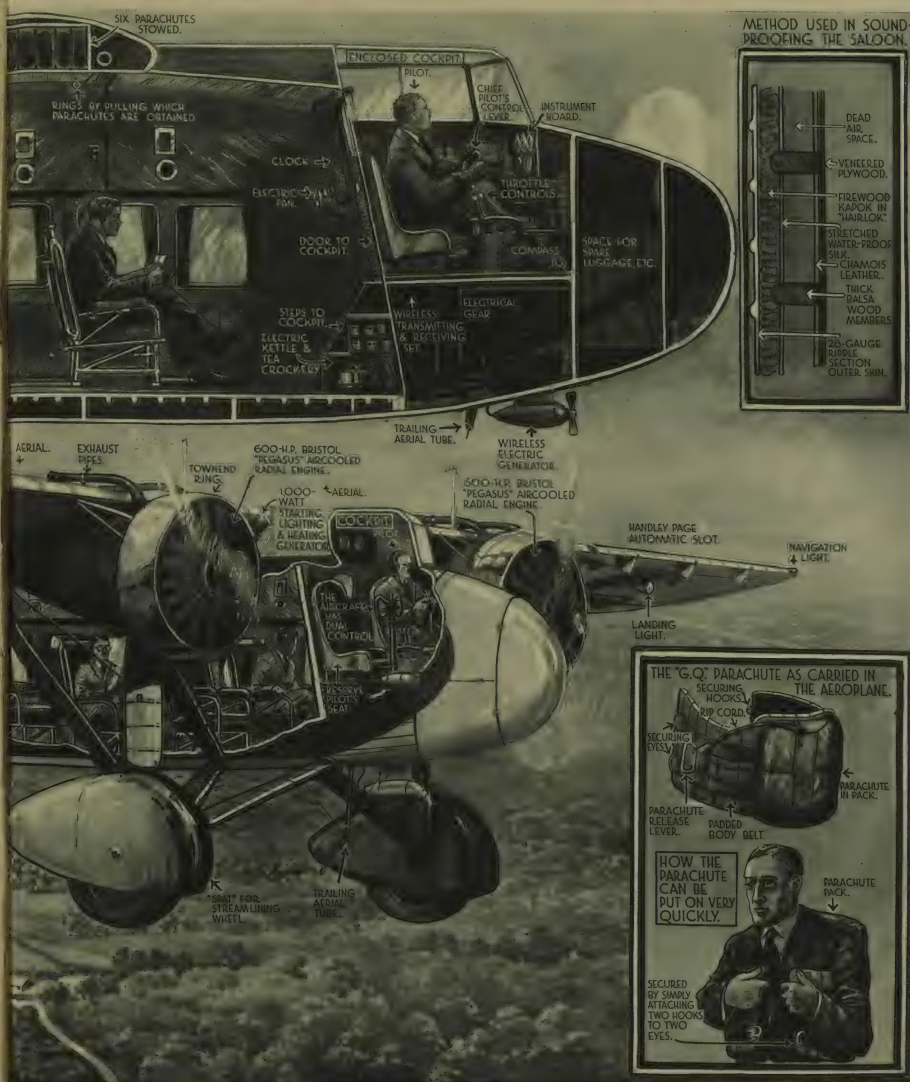
up, still retained its wooden three-sided bars set in the ancient oak frame. Instead of being a little slum, All Saints' Square has become a well-preserved and most picturesque feature of the historic city. The third antique block of houses lately threatened with destruction but, fortunately, rescued in time is Blue-Coat Boy Cottages. It stands in Stour Street, close to the spot where the historic Walling Street reaches the Stour, and nearly opposite to the Poor Priests' Hospital. The cottages have a very pleasing frontage, adorned with two oriel windows, and there are others in the courtyard behind. The date 1575 painted over the entrance appears in keeping with the age of the structure, whose survival is a cause of great satisfaction to all who have the welfare of St. Augustine's City near to their hearts.



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CRYPT FOUND UNDER THE OLD SHOP IN MERCURY LANE; WITH A ROOF SUPPORTED BY MASSIVE RIBS OF STONE.

DETAILS OF ITS INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS REVEALED.

BY MESSRS. VICKERS (AVIATION) LTD., AND BY SPECIAL PERMISSION



"PEGASUS" ENGINES: THE MACHINE FLYING OVER FORT BELVEDERE, HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

The "Viastra" has dual control in an enclosed cockpit, and all the latest type flying instruments. The cabin is about 20 feet long and just over 6 feet high, and is artistically decorated in Empire-grown veneered woods in sycamore, kingwood, and walnut. Between the panelling and the balsawood bearers is a layer of chamois leather, to reduce resonating sounds, and the whole inner surface of the metal outer hull is covered with special soundproofing material. The last, but not the least, of the Viastra's features in addition, the cabin effectively keeps out the noise of the two powerful motors, and the whole of it is so thoroughly fireproof that smoking is

permitted in the machine. The cabin is warmed in cold weather by electric radiators, which form foot-warmers as desired, and is ventilated by air ducts in the panelled walls. The chairs are of aluminium alloy framework, very light in weight, but extremely comfortable. The backs can be adjusted to any desired position, or lowered flat, and two chairs can be converted into a comfortable divan or bed. The chairs are clipped to a metal track upon which they slide, and can be moved to any position, or even used to divide the cabin if required. Small cupboards are ingeniously concealed in the walls, and in the roof are stowed six parachutes easily accessible. Two

of the windows on either side, besides the door and skylight, form emergency exits. There is a powerful Marconi transmitting and receiving set with a range of 300 miles. Catering equipment includes an electric kettle and crockery, a refreshment cabinet attached to the cabin door, and a refrigerator in the luggage compartment. A typewriter, tables, a gramophone and records are also carried. The commodious luggage compartment contains a wardrobe. The "Red Sea" is registered in the "A" class of the "A" category, and bears the colours of the Brigade of Guards Flying Club. Our drawing shows it in flight over Fort Belvedere, the Prince's country seat near Windsor.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"A BEDTIME STORY."

MONSIEUR MAURICE CHEVALIER, last word in sophistication, the connoisseur of love, the playboy of Paris, conquered by the infant charms of a foundling! M. Chevalier, forgetting his old flames, discarding his familiar haunts, for the sake of an unwanted baby! What an inspiration, what "box-office appeal"! In some such fashion, one imagines, ran the arguments in



THE CHIEF ACTORS IN THE NEW PARAMOUNT FILM AT THE CARLTON: BABY LEROY AND MAURICE CHEVALIER, OF "A BEDTIME STORY."

The actor on the left is a newcomer to the screen who, at his first venture, "steals the picture" from his world-famous colleague, Maurice Chevalier. This particular scene, it should be mentioned, does not appear in the film; it shows Leroy breakfasting before starting work on the set.

favour of "A Bedtime Story" (Carlton Theatre), after a novel by Mr. Roy Horniman. The unlikely foster-father, savouring all the delights and perplexities of vicarious parenthood, has been a winning card in fiction since the days when John Strange Winter triumphantly launched her "Bootles' Baby"—and long before that too. The kinema has used the theme countless times, never more successfully than in Charles Chaplin's classic picture, "The Kid." No reason, then, not to press it into service again for M. Chevalier. No reason whatsoever, excepting that, to get the best out of the French star, as Mr. Lubitsch did, his material must be handled with a light touch, must have an edge of caustic wit, a brilliant twist into extravaganza to match his whimsical and scintillating personality. Herein, unfortunately, "A Bedtime Story" is lacking. A plot, thin to the point of attenuation, needed all the help that witty invention could give it, and the introduction of an intelligent feminine sparring-partner to add the necessary fillip to romance à la Chevalier. The sugar-and-water character of Sally, played by Miss Helen Twelvetrees on completely conventional and unconvincing lines, is no foil for the typical *flâneur* of M. Chevalier, and the rest of the feminine cast has been selected with an amazing disregard of the picture's Parisian setting. It remains, then, for M. Chevalier, valiantly supported by Mr. Edward Everett Horton and the unconscious humour of the brightest baby ever seen on the screen, to make what they can of the situations arising from the initial idea. A Gay Lothario finds an engaging youngster of very tender years hidden in his limousine. He determines to adopt the baby. Obvious opportunities for nursery fun present themselves immediately. Master and man amusing baby, putting baby to sleep, bathing baby—slapstick in the bathroom indicated here—finding a nurse for baby. Arrival of Sally, wistful, down and out, tremulously foreshadowing the domestic bliss which awaits M. Chevalier after his dismissal by his patrician and not unnaturally

suspicious fiancée. Both in its sentiment and in its humour the picture seldom gets away from the expected, and Mr. Taurog's occasional lapses into rhythmical treatment, quite happily expressed in Baby's promenade in the park, with M. Chevalier jauntily pushing the pram and a chorus of youngsters taking up his song, are interpolated without relation to the rest of his direction and his rather laborious development of the story.

I have nothing but admiration for the way in which M. Chevalier, sacrificing a little of his customary ease to the imperative need for sheer hard work, bridges over a few bald patches, enters into the fun with zest and resource, confronts the whole baby business with a boyish impulsiveness that steers clear of sentimentality. His rendering of a tuneful lullaby is genuinely sincere and charming. Mr. Horton's valet, a monument of decorum suffering all things, from a deluge of bath-water to a wifely *faux pas*, with supreme dignity, is a valuable asset to the picture; and so, too, is the singularly intelligent baby, who responds obligingly to the blandishments patently at work beyond the "shooting" zone. The film is lavishly staged, glittering at all points with an insinuating suggestion of luxury; and, though it makes no bid for originality of vision, is distinguished by excellent camera-work.

"DON QUIXOTE."

I am in a mood to fling bouquets enthusiastically and almost indiscriminately—to the director, to the artists, to the camera-men, to technicians and costumiers, to all the elements that go to the making of a great film. For I have just seen "Don Quixote" at the Adelphi, and, still under the impression of its pictorial beauty, its humour, and its undercurrents of pathos, I say, without hesitation, that this is a masterly piece of work. To bring an immortal figure such as Cervantes created to the screen is no mean task. How easily the adventures of the crazy knight-errant might have slipped into the purely ridiculous! How narrow the margin between the sublime exaltations of a noble mind unhinged by its dreams of chivalry and the empty follies of a clown! The director, Herr G. W. Pabst, has kept that margin well defined. Though nowhere has he shirked the laughter that follows on the heels of his subject even as Sancho Panza followed his master's Rozinante, he has preserved in his nobly planned canvases as in his handling of the central figure all the tragedy and dignity of Don Quixote. The knight remains throughout the supreme idealist, who wears the bedraggled ribbon of a serving wench as proudly as though it were indeed the gage of his liege lady; whose ardent spirit burns none the less brightly though his castles in Spain are byres and the giants he

tilts at only windmills. The choice of Feodor Chaliapin for the part of Don Quixote—or, if you will, the choice of Don Quixote for Chaliapin's entry into the films—was an inspiration. It is justified not only by his commanding height, a cast of features lending itself admirably to the traditional aspect of the Knight—his make-up is, indeed, perfect—but also by a certain quality of inner illumination he possesses. Chaliapin throws himself body and soul into his work. He is a born actor, on the concert-platform no less than on the operatic stage. Herr Pabst's unerring vision, lifting the figure of Don Quixote ever and again into splendid isolation, casts it in heroic mould and gives it an added poignancy. His songs—and Chaliapin without song would be unthinkable—are introduced without damage to the dramatic texture. But in one instance at least, a concession to popularity and, to put it on a higher plane, a regard for the picture's atmosphere, should have guided the composer. The aria in praise of Dulcinea is neither the requisite melody nor is it Spanish in spirit.

M. Chaliapin's fine performance has its foil and its equal in Mr. George Robey's Sancho Panza, a robust character-study, touched here and there with Mr. Robey's typical humour, finding its fun in situations rather than in actual lines. Mr. Robey's major achievement, however, lies in his sensitive suggestion of the humble squire's devotion to his master and the loyalty of a simple soul to something greater than itself. If M. Chaliapin and Mr. Robey are naturally predominant, the whole *ensemble* is exceptionally



"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: GWENNY, THE WELSH MAID (EDITH EVANS); DR. HAGGETT (CEDRIC HARDWICKE); AND DAVENPORT, THE ART CRITIC (FREDERICK LEISTER), IN THE FINAL SCENE OF THE PLAY.

In this beautifully acted and most amusing comedy, adapted from the French of René Fauchois by Emlyn Williams, the plot centres round the pictures of the dead artist, Bean. Left in the house of Dr. Haggett, where their value is unrecognised and they are used for such purposes as stopping leaks in the roof, the pictures are hailed as world's masterpieces. London dealers descend on the house offering fabulous prices; but Dr. Haggett's dreams of sudden wealth are thwarted by his maid, Gwenny, the only one who appreciated and loved the painter when he was alive.

good. Mr. Oscar Asche's virile Captain of Police, Mr. Frank Stanmore's gentle Priest, and Mr. Miles Mander's cynically tolerant Duke, fall neatly into their allotted places. Miss Lydia Sherwood lends her beauty and her dignity to the Duchess, and Miss Sidney Fox is wholly charming as Don Quixote's pretty niece. Herr Pabst's settings bear the hall-mark of his genius. His grouping, his use of deep shadow and bright light, the pattern of his jostling angles and the spaciousness of his exteriors, provide a series of pictures as lovely as they are significant. If he singles out, as he does, the towering form of the Knight, or the windmills on the brow of the hill, the eye may catch a moment of sheer beauty, whilst the mind is prepared for the next turn of the dramatic wheel. His final "curtain" obliterates the protagonists entirely. A mighty tome, raised from the pyre, its blackened pages gradually shrivelled to cinders, as gradually returns to the pristine smoothness of its parchment pages. No more fitting "envoi" to the poet whose indestructible work has been brought to life upon the screen or to the film itself could have been devised.



CONTEMPLATING BEAN'S MASTERPIECE, HIS PORTRAIT OF GWENNY: GWENNY, DR. HAGGETT, AND MRS. HAGGETT (LOUISE HAMPTON) IN "THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN."

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE BULB: A COUNTRYSIDE AFLAME WITH FLOWERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY K.L.M.—A.B.C.



THE KINGDOM OF FLOWERS AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: A REMARKABLE AIR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MILES UPON MILES OF FIELDS IN HOLLAND DEVOTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF BULBS, WHICH, WHEN THEY BURST INTO BLOOM, PRESENT A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE OF COLOUR CELEBRATED AS A NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

AT this season the bulb-growing region in Holland presents a magnificent spectacle, whether seen from the air or on the ground—a whole countryside devoted to flowers in every colour of the rainbow. Our upper illustration gives an unusual and extremely interesting view of the scene as it presents itself to an airman.

In a descriptive note supplied with the photographs, we read: "The greater part of the Dutch flower fields are to be found between Haarlem and the Hague, on a plain protected from the strong sea-breezes by the dunes. This is the so-called Bulb Territory, and here one of the most important, and certainly the most beautiful and famous, of Dutch industries is developed. Here the bulb and flower growers cultivate the fields in long strips, which, in spring especially, blossom in indescribable glory. The first flowers to appear are the hyacinths; then later come the tulips, to be followed by other bulb flowers in succession. Flower Sunday in Holland is the great festival of the year. It is, moreover, the day of the obsequies of the bloom, for the flowers are sacrificed in order that the bulbs may not be drained of their vitality. As soon as the flowers begin to unfold and reveal their beauties, the Dutchman watches weather signs anxiously and follows the meteorological

[Continued opposite.]



reports daily. He prays for a fine, sunny Sunday, a somewhat rare event in this rainy land. But when Flower Sunday is announced with sunshine, all Holland stirs, and from dawn onwards long convoys of vehicles, taxis, private motor-cars,

bicycles, as well as trains, head towards the famous Bulb Territory. Everyone comes to see the glory of the fields, and nowhere in the world is there such sublime beauty and colour. For miles stretch the wonderful blooms in indescribable magnificence, and the air is heavy with perfume. Garlands and wreaths of rich blooms are donned by the visitors, who also decorate the vehicles by which they have come. The flowers have but few hours of full glory. Before they have arrived at complete maturity they are cut and piled pell-mell into boats and barges, to be carried off to the dungs, where they are allowed to rot to provide manure for future generations of bulbs. The bulbs remain in the earth until autumn, when they are recovered and placed in store, from whence, after sorting, they make their victorious march over the whole world."

THE GLORY OF THE DUTCH BULB BELT LATELY AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS BLOOM: TYPICAL FIELDS OF FLOWERS BETWEEN HAARLEM AND THE HAGUE.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A SIDELIGHT UPON GILLOW FURNITURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THIRTY YEARS or so ago, when people first began to enquire closely into the history of English furniture, the classification of pieces from the second half of the eighteenth century was a gloriously simple matter. If a chair was mahogany, and fairly elaborately carved, then it was labelled Chippendale; if mahogany, but with straight front legs and with a heart-shaped openwork back, like that of Fig. 2, it was Hepplewhite; and if it was made of satinwood it was Sheraton. There are still quite a number of English people, and far more Americans, to whom this simple trinitarian creed provides all they care to ask, and all because these three distinguished craftsmen were enterprising enough to publish books of furniture designs to which their names were attached. In the case

of Hepplewhite, his "Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer's Guide" appeared two years after his death in 1786, and, failing other evidence, one would be tempted to date such a chair as this to about the years 1785-1790. (It is, by the way, one of a set of eleven which could very well have come from his workshop.) London is full of visitors just now, and while I am on this subject, may I repeat what I have written in previous years?—to the effect that, if you buy what is quite rightly described as a Chippendale chair, that means a chair made at the proper period in the manner of Chippendale, and not necessarily by Chippendale himself. It is rather curious that it should still be necessary to explain this point, for a moment's reflection makes it obvious that no one man could be personally responsible for everything described under his name. Thus it is accurate to refer to the chair of Fig. 2 as Hepplewhite, and the little bureau of Fig. 3 as Sheraton; had we no other evidence, we could leave it at that. As it is, we must put both these pieces down to the firm of Gillow's, of Lancaster. The bureau is signed on each side of the lock (Fig. 3), and in the case of Fig. 1 there is undeniable documentary evidence before me as I write, in the shape of a letter written at the time the chairs were despatched.

The Gillow factory at Lancaster—still in existence, though the original family has died out—was founded by a very humble but very enterprising individual about the year 1695. This was Robert Gillow, who seems to have taken on any sort of carpentering work with as much enthusiasm as he devoted to sound cabinet-making. By about 1760 the firm was supplying furniture to all the best people in the north, and its cost-books—extremely valuable evidence for both furniture experts and the student of economics—are in existence from the year 1784; and consequently the activities of the Gillows in the last quarter of the eighteenth century are exceedingly well documented. As a general rule, Lancaster followed the London fashions at a discreet interval of ten years or so. Messrs. M. Harris and Sons have been kind enough to show me several letters, to the best of my belief unrecorded hitherto, which have just come into their

possession with the set of chairs of which this is one. They are much too long to quote in full, but they give a convincing picture of the shrewdness and care with which the two Gillows of the time conducted their business, while their prices bear eloquent witness to the low-money wages which then ruled in all trades. "Four elegant Mahogany Cabriole Chairs with carved backs, arms as before," are 47s. 6d. each in 1783. The chairs are referred to in a postscript at the end of a long account totalling £212 16s. 7d. extending from 1782 to 1784—thus: "Some time ago Miss D. Park ordered 12 and 2 armed chairs with green leather bottoms for a Dining Room of Mr. Christians which are finished and should be glad to know what House they are to be sent to and by what Conveyance. The Chairs will come safe, as there is one joint left loose so they may be put together by any good joiner in a few hours which is done that they may all be packed in a Moderate Sized Case or two for Safety of Carriage." Another letter, of October 1782, throws an interesting light upon the difficulties of carriage over eighteenth-century roads:

"We hope you'll receive the above goods safe and that they'll prove agreeable—we need not repeat that the less distance they are Carted the safer—and when you have them Carted from the Vessel it will be much the safest to have the Wardrobes and Cases stowed in the Bottom of each Cart as none of the other articles are safe to lay other Goods upon—therefore great care should be

taken in Loading the Goods in the Carts." (They were sent by sea from Lancaster to either Maryport or Whitehaven, as Mr. Charles Udale, of Unrigge Hall, Cockermouth, might direct.)

This chair, then, was made as early as 1783, and, as there is a record in the Gillow cost-books of a not dissimilar type made as late as 1797—that is, well

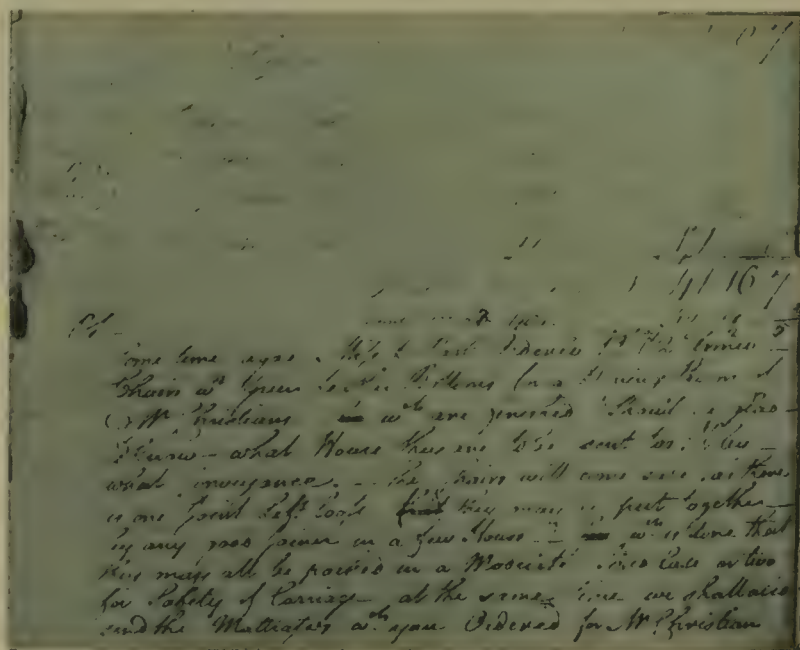


2. A "HEPPLEWHITE" TYPE OF CHAIR (ORIGINALLY ONE OF A SET OF TWELVE WITH TWO ARM-CHAIRS), MADE BY THE OLD FIRM OF R. AND R. GILLOW, OF LANCASTER, IN 1783 OR 1784; AS AN OLD STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT (ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 1) PROVES—AN INDICATION OF THE FUTILITY OF DOGMATISING ABOUT THE DATES OF THE VARIOUS STYLES OF FURNITURE AT THIS PERIOD.

Reproductions by Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street.



3. ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE "FLUIDITY" OF THE STYLES OF ENGLISH FURNITURE IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A SMALL SATINWOOD BUREAU—"SHERATON" ACCORDING TO THE OLD TEXT-BOOKS—BUT MANUFACTURED BY GILLOW'S, OF LANCASTER, BETWEEN 1795 AND 1820; AND (INSET BELOW) THE GILLOWS' STAMP ON THE TOP OF THE LONG DRAWER.



1. A DOCUMENT OF GREAT VALUE AND INTEREST TO THE COLLECTOR OF FURNITURE: THE LOWER PART OF AN ORIGINAL ACCOUNT RENDERED BY GILLOW'S, OF LANCASTER, FOR FURNITURE MADE BY THEM; MENTIONING THE SET OF CHAIRS (OF WHICH THAT SEEN IN FIG. 2 FORMS ONE) IN A POSTSCRIPT AT THE FOOT.

The low prices ruling in the furniture-making industry at this time are evidenced by one entry in the account reproduced here (but not seen in the illustration), namely: "For two neat Canopies for two Couch beds, painted ornamentally and varnished at 33/-... £3:6:0." The text of the postscript is given in full in the article on this page.

into what we could call the Sheraton period—we can see very well how absurd it is to dogmatise as to the date of any particular piece.

A similar vagueness as to the date within twenty years is advisable in the case of the little satinwood bureau of Fig. 3. It is a very plain example, with no inlay except the dark borders: as is usual in such pieces by good makers, the mahogany-lined drawers slide in and out like the pistons of a Rolls-Royce. This is the sort of little bureau from which, in the past, the signature would have been rubbed down long before its appearance on the market. The average buyer only knew of Sheraton, and would only buy Sheraton, so Sheraton he bought: hundreds and hundreds of pieces by lesser people, like Lock and Seddon and Ince, must have suffered the removal of similar identification-marks. Now, of course, people are a little less stupid and snobbish, and are beginning to recognise other makers than the three of the books. The date of this piece might be anywhere between 1795 and 1820.

A further letter from this interesting series is dated April 1784, and gives us a glimpse of the difficulties of timber supply. "As to the Mahogany for doors, we don't think it can be Supplied from this Place, at Present, as we don't know of any in the Merchants hands, and there is not a sufficient quantity in the Manufacturers hands to Carry on their Business as they could wish.

"It has also been very scarce and dear at Liverpool as a sufficient Quantity has not been Imported of late to supply the Demand. Therefore if Mr. Christian can put off buying for a month or two, we think we may be much better supplied and upon lower Terms, at least we hope so, tho' we cannot be Certain. If we can be of any service in purchasing Mahogany as soon as a fresh supply arrives here we shall be very willing to oblige Mr. Christian. . . ."

Incidentally, how much more agreeable is this simple, honest style than the snappy jargon by which half your business men of to-day think it essential to impress their customers!

ARDOUR IN THE ART MARKETS: HIGH PRICES RETURN TO THE SALE-ROOMS.



SOLD FOR £294 AND £262 IOS., RESPECTIVELY, AT CHRISTIE'S: CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY ARM-CHAIRS CARVED IN THE FRENCH TASTE AND COVERED IN NEEDLEWORK: There is ardour in the art markets again, as Mr. A. C. R. Carter had it the other day in the "Telegraph," when writing of an auction sale; and he continued: "Everybody went away convinced that people are at last eager and ready to lay out goodly sums for treasures of beauty



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR £451 IOS., THE HIGHEST BID FOR FURNITURE IN THE OPPENHEIM SALE: A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT SETTEE. (4 FT. 6 IN. WIDE.) or rarity." Witness the prices mentioned on this page. It should be added that the arm-chairs and the settee illustrated immediately above, and the "Flora" by Clodion, figured in the sale of the late Mrs. Henry Oppenheim's Collection, held at Christie's on May 24, 25, and 29.



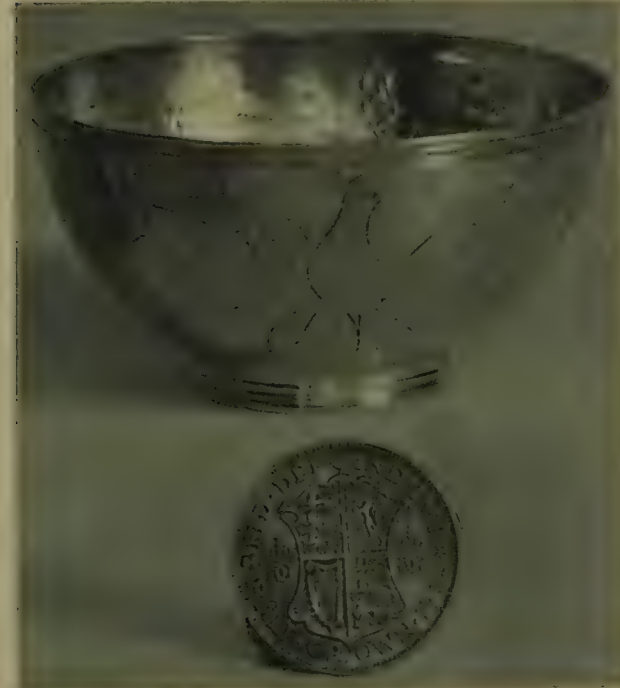
SOLD FOR £720, AT SOTHEBY'S: AN ITALIAN SALADE. (C. 1490.) This was probably made by one of the famous armourers of Brescia. It is of bright steel; and shows a curious combination of German and Italian characteristics. It was bought by Cavaliere Luigi Marzoli, who had hurried from Brescia in the hope of adding fine pieces to his famous collection.



SOLD FOR £283 IOS., AT CHRISTIE'S: A WHITE MARBLE "FLORA" BY CLODION. This statuette is 18½ in. high. It is signed Clodion. It has been in the Mrs. Bloomfield Moore and Barnet Lewis Collections, and has now passed from the Mrs. Henry Oppenheim Collection. It fetched the highest price on the second day of the sale at Christie's. Clodion (Claude Michel), we may recall, was born at Nancy in 1738 and died in Paris in 1814. He was related to the Adam family of Lorraine sculptors.



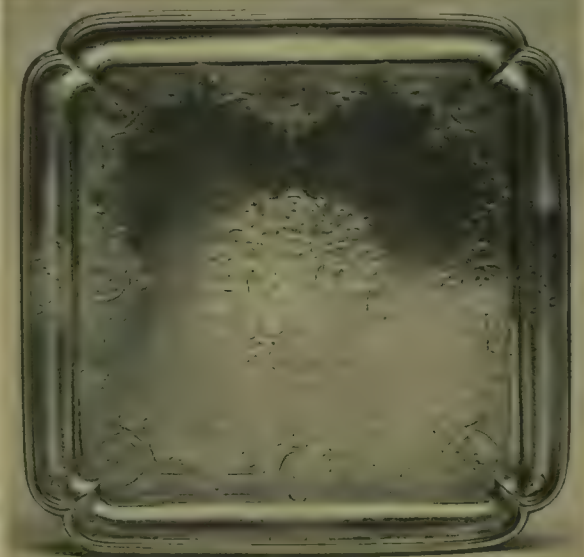
PART OF A SUITE THAT WAS SOLD FOR £1700, AT SOTHEBY'S: A LOUIS XV. ARM-CHAIR. The Louis XV. tapestry walnut suite of which this forms a part consists of six arm-chairs and two settees. All are covered with contemporary Beauvais tapestry; and that of the arm-chairs has panels with scenes from *Æsop's Fables*. The settees have kindred landscape scenes. All were sold at Sotheby's.



SOLD FOR £50 8s. (720s. AN OUNCE): A SILVER CHARLES II. TEA-CUP (ORIGINALLY DESCRIBED AS A SUGAR-BOWL); COMPARED WITH A HALF-CROWN.



SOLD FOR £100 (500s. AN OUNCE), AT SOTHEBY'S: A SILVER QUEEN ANNE TUMBLER CUP—GIVEN TO THE COMPANY OF TAYLORS. (C. 1710.)



ONE OF A PAIR SOLD FOR £414 2s. (205s. AN OUNCE), AT SOTHEBY'S: A SQUARE SILVER SALVER BY PAUL LAMERIE; 1731. (8½ IN. SQUARE.)

In Sotheby's catalogue, the lot shown on the left was described as follows: "A very rare Charles II. sugar-bowl, of small size, the sides engraved with a Chinoiserie design of birds and leaves, partly matted, the rim and short base with reeded decoration. Maker's mark, 'G.S.' crowned and with a crescent below, London, 1683, 3¼ in. diameter. 1 oz. 8 dwts." It may be taken, however, that the piece is not a sugar-bowl, but a tea-cup; indeed, at the actual sale it was described by the auctioneer as in all probability one of the earliest known tea-cups. The purchasers, who gave £50 8s. (720s. an ounce) for it, also own a very rare toy set consisting of a teapot, cream jug, teaspoon, and a similar small bowl: all made by George Middleton, dated, respectively, 1690, 1685, 1689, and 1690, and affording strong support for the tea-cup theory mentioned. This set, with its latest addition, will be kept on view until the end of June at 13, Berkeley Square, London, by Messrs. How, of Edinburgh, in order that collectors may inspect the articles and form their own conclusions as to their original use, for there is still discussion among the experts.

TO AUSTRALASIA—*via* THE GRAND CANYON!

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THERE are many routes leading to Australasia—the Cape, the Suez Canal, either *via* Colombo, or the picturesque route *via* Java and Sumatra; or you may go westwards, through the Panama Canal,



A FAVOURITE CENTRE FOR SURF-RIDING, WHERE THE CLIMATE IS PERFECT ALL THE YEAR ROUND: THE FAMOUS WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU.

with, possibly, a stop at Barbados, Trinidad, or Jamaica on the way. These are all-the-way-by-sea routes, but there is also one which gives a very delightful combination of sea and land, and thus provides a variety of land- and sea-scape which breaks the monotony some people discover during a long sea voyage, and affords an opportunity of visiting parts of the world which are decidedly off the beaten track. The route in question is by way of the Atlantic to an American port, across the United States to San Francisco, and thence over the Pacific to New Zealand and Australia. The whole journey can be

made on one ticket, at an inclusive price, with the exception of meals taken on the train whilst crossing America; and you have the great advantage, in traversing the Atlantic, of choosing your steamer, and of being able to make the journey on one of the Transatlantic greyhounds—the *Majestic*, the *Empress of Britain*, or the *Berengaria*—with very little fear of discomfort during the crossing, and the thrilling experience of a voyage on one of the world's fastest luxury steamers into the bargain!

In America, after a day or two in New York, to get your "land-legs" and explore the city of skyscrapers—not forgetting to "climb" the Empire State Building, said to be the tallest in the world, by express lifts—a choice of routes awaits you, for you can go by way of Chicago and Kansas City, with a stop-over at Buffalo for the Niagara Falls, or by way of Pittsburgh and St. Louis, or down through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama to New Orleans, the picturesque old capital of Louisiana, with its interesting traces of the French occupation of former times; but, whichever route you take, it should include the Grand Canyon, not only one of the scenic wonders of the world, but a vivid illustration, on a stupendous scale, of one of the mighty upheavals which in past ages fashioned our present earth, and which holds one spellbound in contemplation of the titanic forces of nature.

If you can give much time to the journey, you can see the Great Salt Lake, and the fine city beside it which has sprung up from the efforts of a handful of Mormon pioneers, and the great Yellowstone Park, with its hundred geysers, thousands of hot springs, its mud volcanoes, and its rugged mountain scenery; further south you can leave the railway at one point, motor over an Indian trail, and see something of the old, fast-vanishing Indian life of the country, and

then pass on into the famous Yosemite Valley of California, a wonderland of magnificent mountain scenery, with valleys thickly clothed with forests of giant trees, and so to San Francisco, the City of the Golden Gate. Here you will find most interesting scenes, in that part of California's capital where East meets West, and the beautiful setting of the city will impress you. If you can possibly do so, take a trip along the glorious coast of California, over a really marvellous motor road, through the highly scenic playground of America's millionaires—Santa Cruz, Monterey, Del Monte, and Santa Barbara—to Los Angeles, and see there the wonder city of Hollywood and the palatial homes of the screen stars in the hills of Beverly.

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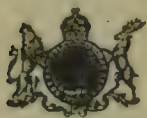
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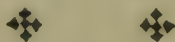
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE ITALIAN SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE Italian season began at Covent Garden with the production of Verdi's grand spectacular opera, "Aida," with a mixed Italian and English cast. This mixture was not altogether a happy one, and the performance as a whole sank somewhat below the standard we have learned to expect at Covent Garden. Even the fact that Sir Thomas Beecham was conducting did little to mend matters: indeed, if a champion of German musicians had wanted to stage a demonstration of the superiority of German music and German singers to Italian, he could not deliberately have chosen a better example than this performance. It gave one the impression, after the fine performances of the "Ring" and "Parsifal" we have been hearing, that we had dropped suddenly into a lower musical world.

THE FAULT OF VERDI?

But I do not believe we can ascribe this effect to the inferiority of Verdi to Wagner as a composer. Even if we admit that "Aida" does not represent his art at its highest, having been deliberately designed as a spectacular opera for the Egyptian Government for the inauguration of the Cairo Opera House, yet "Aida" contains much splendid and some—particularly in the third act—beautiful music. But it needs presenting with great good taste and tact, and the orchestration needs the most masterly handling. On this occasion I had the impression that Sir Thomas Beecham was out of sympathy with the music (or perhaps the singers), and that he almost underlined what ought not to have been underlined, and so helped to produce the effect of a somewhat crude work. Of the singers, I thought Miss Eva Turner the best, and most consistent. If she lacks the fineness of musical art of a Destinn, who was the best Aida in my memory, yet her voice is agreeable and true, and I thought that her singing improved during the evening. The new tenor, Francesco Battaglia, was a disappointment to me. In the first act, he seemed to be nervous; certainly he sang much better later on. A feature of "Aida" is the ballet in the second act, and this has often been badly done at Covent Garden. On this occasion, however, the choreography had been put in charge of Tamar Karsavina, with notably improved results. In fact, the ballet was perhaps the most satisfactory part of the opera.

A BETTER "LA BOHÈME."

The drooping spirits of the lovers of Italian opera were revived by the performance of "La Bohème," with an all-Italian company, excepting Odette de Foras as Musetta. This charming work, which shows the genius of Puccini at its best, is always enjoyable, if well performed. Fortunately, in Rosetta Pampanini we had an excellent Italian soprano as Mimi, and she was well supported by a good Italian tenor, Angelo Minghetti, as Rodolfo. Of the others, the Marcello of Armando Borgioli was the most effective. John Barbirolli was the conductor, and I thought that he showed signs of having developed considerably since I last heard him. On this occasion he secured a lively and sensitive performance which was most creditable.

A NEW TOSCA.

I was not greatly impressed by the new Tosca, Rosa Raisa. The tenor, Angelo Minghetti, was again excellent, and I thought Cesare Formichi gave an impressive performance as Scarpia. It is curious how this blood-curdling melodrama seems to hold its place in the repertory and in public favour. Personally, I much prefer to it among Puccini's operas the spectacular "Turandot," or even the now rarely heard "Girl of the Golden West." It must be admitted, however, that Puccini firmly grasped his Sardou theme and set it in a musical framework of astonishing vividness and appropriateness. The success of "Tosca" is due to an innate sense of melodrama which is characteristically Italian, and if one is not in sympathy with this particular vein of dramatic art, one can nevertheless admire the unhesitating virtuosity with which it is executed. The opera was conducted by Antonino Votto, who extracted all that was necessary from the orchestra for a vivid and effective performance.

W. J. TURNER.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR

By H. THORNTON RUTIER.

ARE compression ignition engines to be the future power-unit of private motor-carriages in place of the present petrol-using motors? It is a question that all serious-minded motorists are asking themselves. Already in many of our principal cities in England we have a regular service of motor omnibuses using heavy oil as fuel for their compression ignition engines. In some towns they have ousted the petrol-using motor-bus altogether. So that in the goods and public (passenger) *versus* business world there is at present a fierce battle proceeding between the C.I. (compression ignition) and the I.C. (internal combustion) engine, fuel oil *versus* petrol. Since the first high-speed oil engine, built by the A.E.C. at its Southall Works for public service, was put on the road, A.E.C. compression ignition oil-engined vehicles have covered 9,100,000 miles in active service of the London General Omnibus Company and allied concerns. In its service the internal-combustion engine has proved perfectly reliable, so that transport operators assure me that they obtain the same sound service as that given by the older type of petrol-using power-unit.

So far, the car industry has experimented with internal-combustion engines, but in only one in-

A ROVER 1933 "TEN" SPECIAL SALOON IN AN OLD-WORLD WARWICKSHIRE SCENE: A CAR FITTED WITH CONTROLLED FREE-WHEELING AND THE SIMPLEST OF CLUTCH-LESS GEAR CHANGES.



registered in that period were from 11-h.p. to 14-h.p. rating. In actual numbers the latter were 20,657 cars, as compared to 29,885 cars of 9 to 10 h.p., and 21,783 cars (24½ per cent. of total) of 8 h.p., out of a total of 88,738 cars sold from October to March, the first six months of the 1933 car production. The popularity of these 14-h.p. cars is due to the number

carburettors. I do not know yet the maximum speed attainable by this new 1½-litre Singer Sports, but it is well over the 80 m.p.h. mark. One of these cars is a probable starter in several competitions, such as Shelsley Walsh hill-climb, as Mr. F. S. Barnes, the competition manager of the Singer Company, who will drive it, is a keen believer in practical demonstration under the stress of actual contests, to show off the capabilities of a car to possible purchasers. This new car has a wheel-base of 9 ft. and a track of 4 ft. 4 in., with a ground clearance of 7½ inches. The dashboard contains a full equipment of Brooklands racing-type instruments, stone-guard to protect radiator front, and the car generally has been designed and built specifically as a sports car and not as an ordinary open tourer, although well fitted for fast-touring journeys.

Training New Racing Drivers.

There is another matter which is encouraging the various motor-car manufacturers to produce sports cars. This is that these motors are the first step of the ladder reaching to the pinnacle of a full-blown racing machine. Racing has produced improved cars and also more skilful drivers. But it is an expensive hobby for the private individual. Consequently our youth of to-day has to be satisfied with owning a sports model. This he can enter and compete in various inexpensive club competitions as a beginning towards driving a racing machine. In fact, so keen are the present generation of our motorists to take part in speed contests that recently there has been formed a "club for budding drivers," to quote the *Motor*. It is styled the Junior Racing Drivers' Club, and has already taken premises for a club-house in London, and the organisers possess



AT THE GATES OF A WARWICKSHIRE HOME: ONE OF THE RILEY NINE "FALCON" SALOONS.

stance have we seen—in England, at any rate—this form of motor fitted into a pleasure-car chassis. However, in the U.S.A. one maker of cars is specialising in I.C. engines in his cars, but whether his example will be followed by others is questionable at the present time. At the moment the experimental workshops of British motor factories are more interested in developing the I.C. engine for aeroplanes than for passenger cars. But I expect that if these are successfully developed they may become the progenitors of I.C. power-units for cars. It is the progress made in oil-using motors that has been responsible in part for the present oil taxes, according to some critics of the impost on oil. This tax establishes a precedent for future taxation, if oil as fuel for motors displaces petrol generally in passenger as well as goods vehicles. But we shall be able to see the latest development of both types of power-units at Olympia this autumn, during the progress of the motor exhibition of cars and commercial vehicles taking place in October and November. In the meanwhile there are rumours of plans for the rationalisation of the British commercial motor-vehicle industry, Leyland, A.E.C., Dennis, and Thornycroft being mentioned in this connection.

Another Successful Sports Model. While over 33 per cent. of the English cars sold in Great Britain were of 9 to 10 horse-power for the first six months of this motor year, over 23 per cent. of new cars

of very fast models in this category. The latest addition to these since the last Motor Show at Olympia is the 1933 1½-litre Singer Sports, priced at £295 for its two-door coachbuilt four-seater touring model. This six-cylinder engine is rated at 12·95 h.p. and fitted with two 30-mm. Amal



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three fast cars which will be available for the use of the members. The idea of this club is to make it possible for a member to have the use of a car for a day at Brooklands to practise with. This is to cost one guinea. When he is considered qualified in road sense and driving skill by the committee, the member will be allowed to run one of the club cars in a race for the sum of five guineas, including all expenses. In fact, I am informed that the club hope to have two of their club entries running at the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club's Whitsun Meeting on June 5.

This is indeed cheap racing, as it usually costs £50 and upwards to prepare a car for racing on Brooklands, besides the entry fees. As the part of tuning-up the car is to be done at the cost of the club, and for only five guineas from the member who drives it, the latter will get his day's racing, including entry fees, for a ten-pound note or thereabouts, a very cheap day's cost for the fun of the game. By this means it is hoped to encourage the youth of both sexes to take up motor-racing as an amusement at the smallest possible cost by the process of using



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club cars instead of having to buy them. Racing membership of the J.R.D.C. has been fixed at five guineas per annum, country membership at three guineas, and associate membership at one guinea.

The Club hope to acquire several more cars as the membership grows. No doubt many girls will want to join this Club incited by the records that Mrs. G. Stewart is constantly creating at the French track at Monthéry near Paris. Last week she increased the speed for 2-litre class cars over a kilometre

distance with a flying start to 143.29 miles per hour, covering the one kilometre in 15.610 seconds. The mile was covered also at exactly the same speed. Mrs. Stewart was driving the French-built Derby Special. This is really an Anglo-French victory, as Mr. Douglas Hawkes, the designer and "trainer" of the car, is an Englishman, well known in motor-racing circles in Great Britain.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"GALLOWS GLORIOUS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

AS a work of dramatic art, "Gallows Glorious" may fall far short of perfection, the characterisation being poor and dialogue frequently banal. The theme, however, is such a moving one that it cannot fail to touch any playgoer. It undoubtedly gripped the imagination of the first-night audience, and a shiver of emotion ran through the theatre as, after John Brown's execution, the tramp of marching feet was heard in the distance, and martial voices were heard roaring those immortal words: "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, But his soul goes marching on." Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, though inclined to some mannerisms, gave a magnificent performance as the fanatical Abolitionist leader who sacrificed his sons, and his own life, believing himself inspired by God to put an avenging sword in the hands



A SCOTTISH WRITER WHOSE "HIGHLANDS, HIGHWAYS AND HEROES" IS NOW FOLLOWED BY "CARRICK DAYS," A DELIGHTFUL WORK DEALING WITH THE AYR-SHIRE COAST: MR. D. C. CUTHBERTSON, F.R.G.S.

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of the African negro. He does suggest the power, the single-mindedness of this martyr in the cause of freedom; this fanatic, if you will, who set his white brothers at each others' throats to secure the liberty of the slaves. It was an impressive piece of work, and the audience was, as ever, not slow to recognise sincerity in the theatre. The other characters gave little scope for great acting, but there were admirable performances by Miss Nancy Hornsby, Miss Susan Richards, and others.

"DIPLOMACY," AT THE PRINCE'S.

Elderly playgoers, of whom there were many on the first night, must have enjoyed their evening; not only for the memories the play recalled, as for the tempestuous applause the younger generation in the pit and gallery gave it. While it bears not the slightest semblance to anything approaching real life, it is a magnificent bit of theatre. The Marquise, who drifts from Continental hotel to hotel, is it not obvious that she is a spy in the employ of Baron Stein, the German Secret Service Agent? Is not her beautiful daughter, Dora, used as a decoy to extract political secrets from impressionable young diplomats? Despite the naïveté with which dispatch boxes and keys are left about, we still thrill when the beautiful Comtesse Zicka steals into the room with a furtive gleam in her eye. How the house roared when poor Dora, suspected of treachery by her bridegroom, is deserted by him, and after wild screams for forgiveness falls fainting to the floor! How the audience hugged itself with delight as Henry Beauclerc inhaled the fragrant scent of the Comtesse Zicka, and, his suspicions aroused, discovered from the similarly perfumed stolen document that it had passed through her hands! Sheer theatre, of course, but very good theatre, and it looks like establishing the Prince's as the first large cinema-priced theatre in London. Finely acted by an all-star cast that included Miss Margaret Bannerman as Dora, Miss Joyce Kennedy as the Comtesse Zicka, Miss Esmé Beringer as Lady Henry Fairfax, Sir Gerald du Maurier as Henry Beauclerc, Mr. Eric Portman, Mr. Basil Rathbone, and Mr. Lewis Casson.

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